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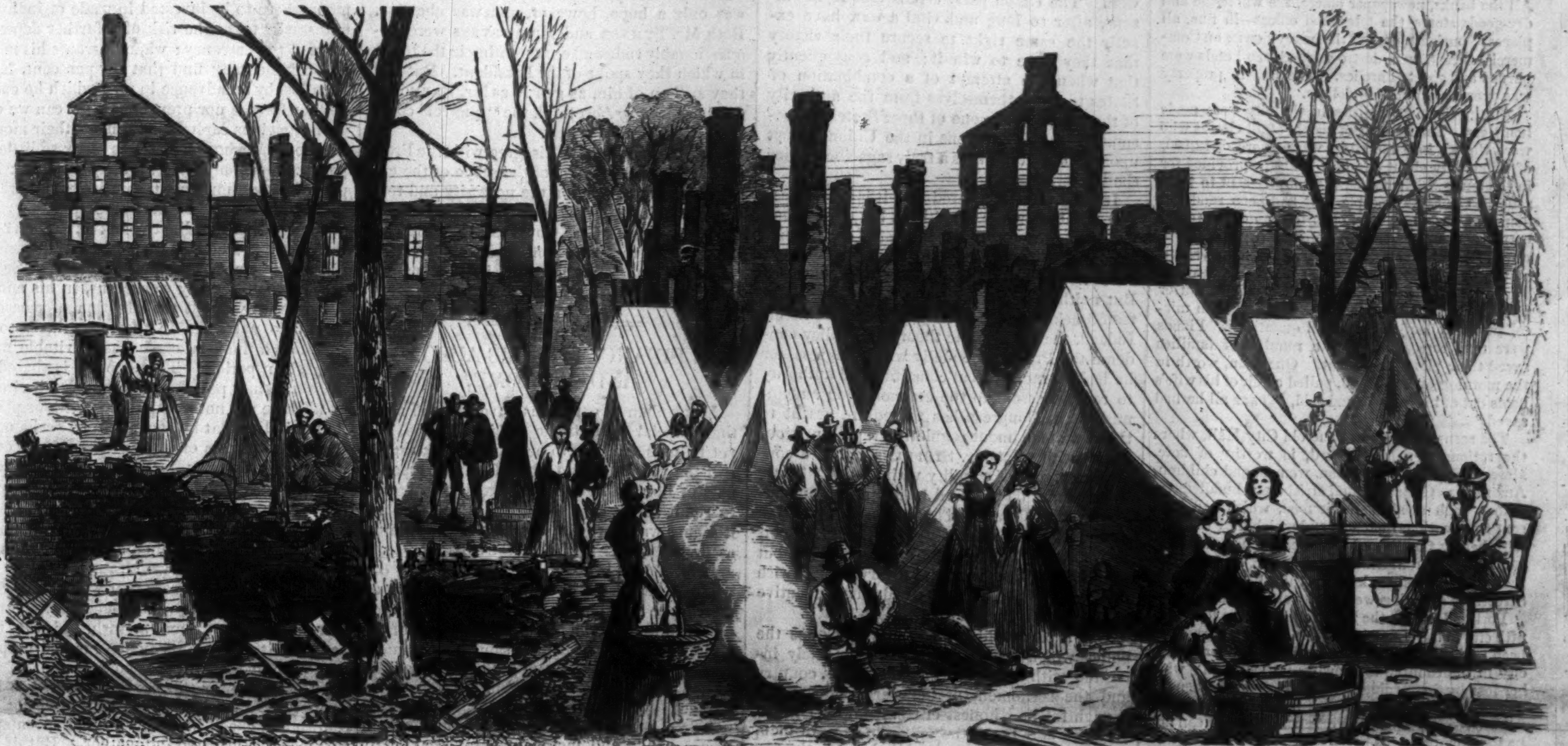
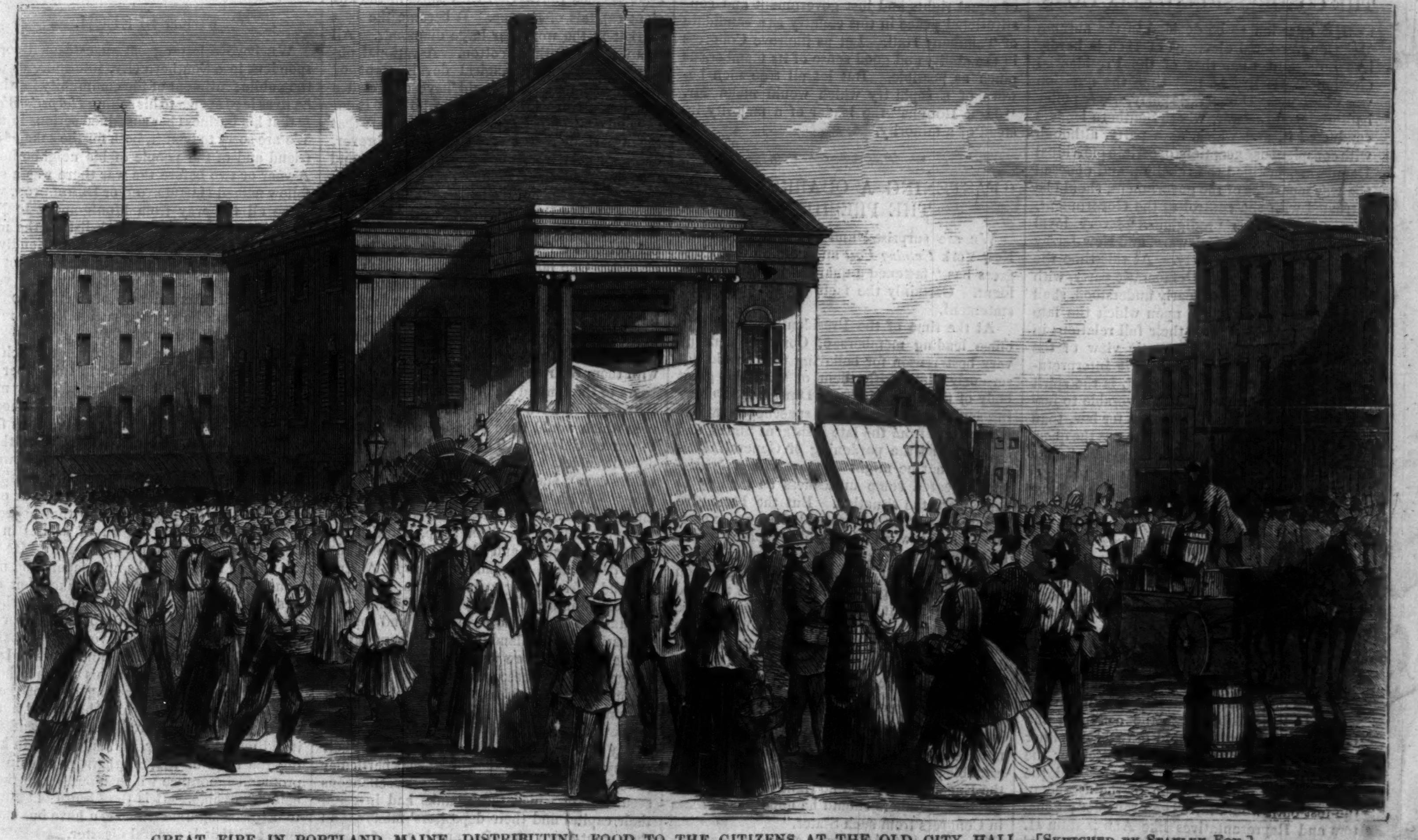


GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—TENTS AMONG THE RUINS.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

No fire which has ever been inflicted upon an American town has been so ruinous, in its proportion of loss to the wealth of the city, as that which, beginning in Portland on the evening of July 4, raged with unabated fury for over twenty-four hours, destroying before its close one-third of the city. When the morning papers of this great seaport announced on the morning of the 4th that the pyrotechnic display of that evening would be of unusual magnificence, they did not foresee in what direful sense their prediction would be fulfilled before the day closed.

The fire began, it seems, in a small boat-builder's shop between Commercial and Fore Streets. It



GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—DISTRIBUTING FOOD TO THE CITIZENS AT THE OLD CITY HALL.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

spread to **UPHAM'S** flouring mill, and thence to the sugar-house of **JOHN B. BROWN & SONS**. Then the flames were caught by some Irish huts at **GRAHAM'S** corner. Short work was made of these; and the fire, fed by a gale from the south, marched on, fighting its way through the principal retail business houses of the town to the new City Hall. Every thing in its path was reduced to a smoking ruin.

The City Hall, a magnificent structure with a depth of 275 feet, and with a façade of Nova Scotia freestone 175 feet long, was supposed to be fireproof, and furniture to the value of a quarter of a million of dollars had been stored in it to secure it against destruction. But this fine building was almost entirely destroyed, only the front walls being left standing.

The fire swept completely through the city from High Street to North Street on Munjoy, destroying every thing on its way so completely that the lines of the streets can hardly be traced, and a space of one and a half miles long, by a quarter of a mile wide, appears like a forest of chimneys, with fragments of walls attached to them.

More than one-third of Portland was destroyed. All the banks, newspaper offices, the wholesale and dry-goods stores, the telegraph offices—in fine, all places of business, except the heavy houses on Commercial Street, were destroyed. Seven hotels were burned and eight churches. The loss in property was over ten millions of dollars.

All the German families in the city were made homeless. The number of people of all classes who were thrown into the street was upward of 12,000, of whom only about one half could be provided for in the tents which had been promptly sent to their relief. On Friday people that had been rendered homeless were in houses, open fields, and in tents, barns, and any where that offered them space to watch their little stock of goods. Some had saved a hoop skirt and a stove; other a tin dipper and a couple of chairs, a tea-kettle and a pair of parlor pictures, a washstand and boots, and all such miscellaneous collections in small quantities. Pianos were numerous, and quite a number of families saved their piano and a cat. One man, worth in the morning over $50,000, pulled a pair of his wife's boots out of his pocket, and said, "'twas all he had saved."

The scene presented at the old City Hall, where the rations were distributed, is worthy of note. Here all day long were men, women, and children, Americans, Germans, and Irish, all huddled together, each awaiting their food, which had been sent from various quarters, and which they received with hearty thanks and joyful countenances.

ZEBIRA CHICKERING, a truckman, and his mother, were burned to death in their house on Larch Street. The bodies were discovered on the 9th.

Portland, before the fire, ranked as the fourth or fifth city in the Union in exports. Her progress has been rapid for the last twenty years. Every great city in the country is showing its sympathy with her loss by forwarding contributions for the benefit of the homeless. Montreal, in Canada, has contributed over $40,000. These contributions can not be too prompt or too generous. Every dollar will go to the alleviation of real distress.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1866.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

THE question to be decided in the autumn Congressional elections of 1866 is hardly less important than that of the Presidential election of 1864. At that time the question was whether the Democratic party, whose policy had produced the war, whose Southern leaders conducted it, and which, as a party, although with conspicuous exceptions of certain individual Democrats, justified the rebellion and opposed the war measures of the government, should be intrusted with the control of the Government. The response was prodigious. Every loyal State but Kentucky, Delaware, and New Jersey sustained the Union party. At this time the question is whether the Democratic party, with its tendency and policy clearly understood, shall determine the conditions upon which the late rebel States shall resume their full relations in the Union. Is the Democratic view of the situation truer, is the Democratic interpretation of the Constitution more just, is the spirit of the Democratic party more favorable to justice, equal liberty, and reverence for law, than those of the Union party. These are the questions which must determine our votes in the coming elections.

It may be true—indeed for ourselves we have not hesitated to say that it is true—that many foolish words have been spoken and some unwise measures adopted by Congress. Nor do we care to recriminate and urge that this Congress has been more fiercely vituperated than any of its predecessors. We have not to deal at the elections with the politeness or tact either of Congress or the Executive, nor indeed with the uniform wisdom of the Congressional measures. The point is a fundamental principle. Granting that the action of Congress might have been improved in certain ways, is it probable that the action of the Democratic minority would have been, either in detail or in general policy, better for the peace and union of the country? Had the party of that minority been in the ascendent the test oath would have been repealed; Senators and Representatives like **ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS** and **HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON** would have been admitted; the Civil Rights Bill would have failed; and in a word, the men who, supported by their States, five years ago resigned and withdrew from Congress, and engaged in the rebellion, would have returned by the "continuous right" of those States, and those who had tried to destroy the Government and still declared their right to do so, would have voted upon every measure proposed for the future security of the Union and country against the logical consequences of their doctrines.

Would this have been a wise policy or safe for the country? Yet this is the policy upon which the autumn elections are to pronounce. The Democratic party holds that, having laid down their arms, the States lately in rebellion are exactly where they were before. The consequences of such a doctrine are plain. It assumes that a combination of States may attempt to destroy the Union by war, and that the people of the loyal States who defeat the conspiracy in the field can rightfully take no further step whatever to secure the victory they have won. The Union party claims that loyal citizens, after so long and vital a war, have exactly the same right to secure their victory that they have to win it; and consequently that when the attempt of a combination of States to wrest themselves from the authority of the Union fails, none of those States can resume their full functions in the Union except upon such conditions as a truly sagacious policy shall determine.

It must be remembered that it is not a question of more or less conditions, but of any condition whatever. The Democratic orators and papers ask indeed whether the late insurgents have not complied with certain conditions. But neither they nor those who have been defeated acknowledge the right to impose them. Indeed, the Democratic theory and policy condemn the President equally with Congress, for he had no more verbal constitutional authority to require assent to the emancipation amendment than Congress has to require assent to the new amendment regulating representation. States with what Mr. **STEPHENS** calls "a continuous right" of equality with all other States can no more be required to adopt one amendment than another. The present co-operation of the Democratic party with the President, therefore, does not spring from love of him but from hate of Congress, and a very natural wish of our opposition party to divide the Executive and Legislative powers.

Can a party which holds and proclaims the policy which we have described be safely intrusted with the government of the country and the settlement of the war? Ought any thoughtful and honest citizen, however impatient he may be of the follies of certain men, to suffer his impatience to blind him to the fact that the elections are to decide whether the friends and the spirit of **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** shall reorganize the Union, or the friends and spirit of **HORATIO SEYMOUR** and **VALLANDIGHAM**. There are not two parties—there can not be. Under the circumstances a Philadelphia candidate must be as fatal to the cause of equal rights and just government and constitutional peace in this country as a candidate of Tammany Hall. Let us improve Congress in the ability and good sense of its members as much as possible. But let all true men beware of a sophistry which would make Mr. "**JACK ROGERS**" the leader of a majority instead of a minority.

"FASTENING A QUARREL" UPON THE PRESIDENT.

WE are surprised and sorry to see in the New York *Evening Post* an assertion that Congress has "fastened a quarrel" upon the President. Certainly the facts do not justify the statement.

At the time of the President's accession to office leading members of Congress had the very best reason for believing that he did not seriously differ with them or with the great body of the Union party. During the following summer the President's speeches to various committees from the late insurgent States, and such acts as the pardoning of General **HUMPHREYS** that he might be Governor of Mississippi, created some uneasiness as tending to complicate the situation. But the Executive action altogether was regarded as an experiment; and it was undoubtedly supposed by the Union party that the whole question of the resumption of their full relations in the Union by the late insurgent States would be referred by the President to Congress, in accordance with the views of President **LINCOLN**, whose mild wisdom and generous fidelity to the fundamental principle of the American Government it was hoped and believed his successor would follow. "I distinctly stated," said President **LINCOLN**, in his last public speech, alluding to his action in Louisiana, "that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States."

It was not until Congress assembled and immediately proceeded to act upon the subject, that the unpleasant probability of a difference and division between the Executive and Legislative branches became apparent. It then gradually appeared that the President considered the case to be virtually closed; that he thought he had a right to require conditions, but that Congress had not; that he was of opinion either that no security for the future could be taken, or that he had taken all that was necessary; and that Congress was only competent to require of representatives claiming seats from South Carolina, as it did of those appearing from Iowa or New York, that they should take the oath. Until this was perfectly evident, this paper certainly counseled forbearance and a determination of co-operation upon the part of Congress. The harmony of the two branches of the Government was a point of so great importance as to be worth a strong effort, even to the surrender of unimportant details. Differing in theory, we still hoped that some common ground of action satisfactory to the saving Union sentiment of the country might be found. This was the hope of wise men in Congress. It was only a hope, however, and was abortive. Both Mr. **SUMNER** and Mr. **STEVENS** were unquestionably rude and exasperating in the terms in which they spoke of the President. But had they spoken of him as gently as Mr. **RAYMOND**, does the *Evening Post* think the "quarrel" could have been avoided?

Unless, therefore, to disagree with the President upon the question of the scope of the executive power, and upon the necessity and true constitutional policy of the situation—in a word, unless the refusal of Congress to surrender its views to the wishes of the President be to "fasten a quarrel" upon him, it is impossible to sustain the charge of the *Post*.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS ABROAD—AND AT HOME.

MORE than two months have elapsed since the financial crisis broke out in England, and yet failures continue to occur, the bank-rate is still ten per cent., and New York correspondents of London houses are urgently requested to remit as largely as possible. The trouble, it seems, was more deeply seated than appeared at first. Overtrading, in the first place; a system of banking which reminds one of our wild-cat banks of the West; and a series of mercantile and financial operations based upon a prevailing belief in the final disruption of the United States, seem to have sapped the foundations of British credit, and gradually created a state of things so rotten as to be almost without parallel.

The chief trouble now comes from Bombay, where banks and merchants are breaking in rapid succession. This is a direct consequence of the termination of our war. Bombay rose from a third to a first class place of trade in consequence of the cessation of cotton exports from this country. Merchants accumulated immense fortunes in a single year. The town grew like magic. Its public buildings — all erected since 1861—vied with those of the ancient capitals of Europe. It became the best market in the world for large diamonds. All this was the work of cotton. A rational observer, noting this magical development of wealth and its cause, would have expected a reaction. Not so the English, who own Bombay and control its trade. They were sure that the American cotton trade was done forever, or at all events for a generation or two, and they invested their money in Indian plantations, mercantile houses, banks, public improvements, etc., in Bombay, without stint or condition. The consequence, when cotton fell 50 per cent. in a few weeks, can be readily imagined. One house is mentioned, which lost £15 a bale on 30,000 bales—a bagatelle of $2,250,000 in gold. One after another the great houses and banks which grew up on the outbreak of our war are going down upon the suppression of the rebellion, and are carrying down with them their British correspondents.

As to the limited liability banks of London, they seem to have done business with a looseness which would have horrified even **GEORGE SMITH** of Chicago. They received money on deposit subject to call after a given notice (10 to 30 days), and allowed 3 @ 5 per cent. interest. With this money they speculated in miscellaneous securities—rebel cotton bonds, Peruvian mines, Mexican scrip, Turkish debentures, Atlantic and Great Western bonds, Erie debentures, railroads in Europe, Australia, and Africa, telegraphs in India, blockade-runners running to Charleston or Wilmington, plantations on the Rio de la Plata, and copper-mines in New Zealand. Nothing came amiss to them. The more prudent among them did not actually buy these securities, but lent money on them—which, as the case turned out, amounted to the same thing. Any bank clerk in New York could have foretold the result. A day came when the depositors wanted their money. As always happens, at that particular time there was no market for the miscellaneous securities in which these banks had invested their capital and their depositors' money, and they went down one after another. If such a thing had happened here what homilies our British friends would read us on the unsoundness of American banking, and the criminal misappropriation of other people's money!

A banker in Paris writes to a friend on this side to say that the recent bank failures in London have checked the flow of Continental capital to that centre, and that were our finances on a sounder basis much money would come here. We commend the observation to the notice of the Secretary of the Treasury. Were a United States dollar at the present time really worth a dollar, instead of sixty-five cents, we should now be receiving a steady flow of capital from Europe, and the movement would have begun which, sooner or later, will render New York the financial centre of the world. But how can we expect capital to come here when we not only take no measures to rehabilitate our depreciated currency, but actually prohibit by statute the only process by which it can be restored to its full value? It would be folly for Europeans to send money here just now. What is money with them is merchandise with us; a European capitalist sending money here to be invested in trade or industry necessarily takes the risk of a further depreciation of the currency; when he wants his money back he may find that 25 per cent. have been lost by an advance in gold which he could neither foresee nor prevent. How can we expect sagacious capitalists to invest their money in a country whose legislators know so little of political economy that they try to check importations by imposing heavy duties on foreign manufactures, and at the same time offer every facility for inordinate bank expansion?

A careful study of the commercial crisis in Europe may not be without profit. The Secretary of the Treasury warned us, in his annual report, that without the adoption of measures which do not seem in the least likely to be adopted, a financial crash was inevitable within a given period. That opinion is shared by all reflecting persons in commercial circles. And there are not wanting superstitious people to remind us that by some strange accident we have had a crisis of late in this country every ten years: in 1827, in 1837, in 1847, and in 1857. These fatalists warn us to set our houses in order for the coming year—1867.

The prediction is entitled to more weight than Mr. **MILLER'S** announcements of the approaching end of the world, for the simple reason that every body sees that we can not go on trading and speculating on a paper currency basis for many years without a crash. If every body expects it to come off next year and prepares accordingly, it will be postponed. If Mr. **M'CULLOCH** uses the powers invested in him, and locks up currency enough to bring gold down and check importations and speculation, it may be arrested altogether. But if Mr. **M'CULLOCH** continues to keep money easy, and people generally act as though the crisis were a thing in the distant future, it is quite likely that the commercial history of the coming year may prove as momentous and as full of disaster as that of any of the past ill-omened "sevens."

FREE SPEECH.

WE have a letter from an esteemed correspondent in a Southern city, informing us that the public sentiment of the community in which he lives is so averse to his selling *Harper's Weekly* that his business has sustained serious injury. We are sorry to hear it, both for the sake of our friend and of the people of his neighborhood. A year or two before the war there was a silly fellow named **HAMBLETON**, or **BUMBLETON**, who came all the way from Montgomery to New York to put down on a black-list all the merchants in this city who were not friendly to "the South"—meaning those who did not believe in slavery and support it by their votes and acts. Is there a race of **HAMBLETONS** or **BUMBLETONS** who suppose such folly can result advantageously for any body?

We do not suppose that the views which are advocated by pencil and pen in this paper are approved by all who buy and read it any more than we approve the opinions or the method or the tone of scores of papers that reach us from the South, West, and East. But what then? We ask any sensible Southern man, however heartily he may have supported the rebellion, and however sincerely he may detest our opinions, whether he does not know that henceforward the only safety for all of us lies in the amplest and most positive discussion? He may not choose to read books and papers and magazines whose sentiments he dislikes, but does he seriously believe it advisable that they should be suppressed? Is it safe for him or for any one that only a literature favorable to what are called "Southern" interests and views and prejudices shall be known in his neighborhood? This policy is but a lingering relic of the old despotism of slavery, which hung and burned and tarred and feathered those who said what it did not like to hear, and succeeded in keeping the mass of the Southern people in that profound ignorance which alone made the rebellion possible. It is the absurd old attempt to ostracize opinion which can have but one result, and that is general disaster.

There are very profound differences of opinion in this country upon the most important questions. We have our own convictions, and we are very sure that our fellow-citizens at the South and elsewhere have theirs. When we differ, we propose to use every honorable means at our command to expose the weakness or the danger of our adversary's opinion. By squib, satire, argument, ridicule, and appeal—by faithful picture and allegory and caricature we intend to bombard and harass whatever seems to us opposed to the public welfare. And we expect and invite an equal opposition, which we have not failed steadily to receive for a twelvemonth past from those who do not like our views or our methods of enforcing them. But what could be more exquisitely ludicrous than for us gravely to advise our friends not to buy the *Avalanche*, or the *Examiner*, or the *New Era*, or whatever the paper may be, which abuses us and the "North," and to invite all loyal Union people not to buy their books of Mr. JONES or Mr. SMITH, for instance, because they sell those naughty papers?

If those at the South who do not like certain views refuse to have them discussed, they will be beaten again and again, and remain forever impotent and ridiculous. Wake up, gentlemen! It is no longer yesterday. Read the papers. Find out what people are thinking of and talking about. Stand your ground bravely. Don't give us who oppose you a triumph by trying to gag instead of argue. Let every man among you at the South, as here at the North, say and hear and write and read what he will, and we shall all be the gainers. But make up your minds, once for all, that the questions which divide us are to be settled, and to be settled only by the most serious and intense discussion. You have never had it in your part of the country. No man dared to call his soul his own, for instance, in talking about slavery. Those who went from other quarters to discuss the subject you shot, or hung, or rode on rails, or tarred and feathered, or sent off by Vigilance Committees. You had it your own way. You stopped free speech upon the point most vital to your own interests and to ours. And you have learned, what will be always true in this country wherever a similar experiment is tried, that you were merely sitting on the safety-valve. It is a process which may postpone the explosion, but it can not prevent it, and it multiplies the havoc a thousandfold. Don't feel that you are insulted because injustice and a false political philosophy are zealously attacked, and by every kind of weapon. If you think the attack unfair, prove it to be so. If you think the philosophy true, defend it. Stand to your guns! But don't pout and sulk and spite yourselves, like foolish children.

THE OTHER PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE importance of the call of a Convention of Southern loyal Union men issued by General A. J. HAMILTON of Texas and others can not be overlooked. It is one of the most promising signs of the times, for it reveals the existence of two parties in that region. It shows that there is a body of citizens there who intend to contest the political supremacy of the late rebel chiefs, who, since the surrender of LEE, have controled political action in their States.

Thus this manly and heroic call, which is a clear voice from the ancient dominion of slavery in favor of equal rights, is not only full of hope in itself, but it immediately defines the RANDALL-HENDRICKS Philadelphia Convention to be merely a movement, as we stated last week, for the reorganization of the Democratic party. Governor ORR, an old Democratic and Secession leader of South Carolina, Mayor MONROE, of New Orleans, who, on the Fourth of July, called the Declaration of Independence a lie, and other gentlemen of the same principles and sympathy, will be represented in that Convention. But those whom neither Governor ORR nor Mayor MONROE nor Judge SEMMES nor Governor HUMPHREYS could seduce into secession—those whose properties were destroyed, whose families were hunted, whose friends and neighbors and children were hung and shot and tortured and exiled by the followers of ORR, MONROE, SEMMES, and HUMPHREYS—these are the men who will be represented in the other Convention.

And it is with them and their friends, with the voters against THROCKMORTON in Texas, and the supporters of free papers in the Southern States, that the political alliance of the Union party must be made, so that the party may have an efficient organization in every State. Whether the Republican party has done its work or not, it is very clear that the Union party has not. For it must not be forgotten that those who will send delegates from the late rebel States to the RANDALL-HENDRICKS Convention—that is to say, the Southern and the controlling wing of the Democratic party—still maintain the sovereignty of States, and the consequent constitutional right of secession. Whatever individuals may have said, the evidence conclusively proves that, while the mass acquiesce in the superior power, they deny the superior right of the Union. Indeed, they ask, and their friends echo, whether we suppose they have changed their views?

Certainly we do not; and certainly men who have not changed the views which, in their minds, justified what we hold to be so causeless a war upon the Union can not wisely be trusted with the control of the Union. The very arguments they use incontestibly prove that the most stringent political opposition to them is essential to the national welfare. We hope, therefore, that the Union National Committee will take every step necessary to secure the active organized co-operation of that large body of American citizens who will be represented in the Convention of the Southern loyal Unionists.

THE CASE OF THE "METEOR."

THE decision of Judge BETTS condemning the *Meteor* is a declaration that United States ship-owners can not sell them to belligerents with whom we are at peace. The Neutrality Laws of 1818 denounce the "fitting out and arming" vessels in our ports against such powers. But do they, by implication, for they certainly do not expressly, forbid such trade? This is the point which Mr. BOUTWELL of Massachusetts proposes shall be made perfectly plain in our laws.

The *Meteor* was seized on the 21st of January last on the charge of being "fitted out" in defiance of law. It was not alleged that this was being done directly by the owners or agents, but that there was an understanding between them and certain Chilian agents that the ship should be set to Panama and there transferred. Of this intention no evidence was offered at the trial; but even had it been conclusively proved, is it agreeable to law, to precedent, and good policy that such traffic with belligerents should condemn the ship?

The earlier decisions did not deny the legality of the trade. The Supreme Court of the United States in 1822 declared, in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*, "There is nothing in our laws or in the law of nations that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation," of course, by one of the belligerents. As lately as 1854 President Pierce, in his annual Message, said, "The laws of the United States do not forbid their citizens to sell to either of the belligerent powers articles contraband of war, or to take munitions of war or soldiers on board their private ships for transportation." If this be lawful, can the law be infringed by selling to either of them a ship before it is fully armed or equipped?

Judge BETTS reverses the decision of Judge STORY in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*. Doubtless the reversal is agreeable to the Department, which may wish to urge in an *Alabama* controversy our neutral superiority. But the strength of that unquestioned superiority lies in our long traditions, and it can only be weakened by manufactured precedents. It is, however, clearly desirable that the point shall no longer be left in doubt. Let Congress determine whether an American citizen may sell a ship adaptable to war to a belligerent with whom we are at peace.

The fullest and much the ablest review of the case of the *Meteor* was lately communicated to the Boston *Advertiser* by GEORGE BEMIS, one of our most accomplished and patient students of international law.

A DANGEROUS ARGUMENT.

IN his closing speech upon the tariff we observe that Mr. MORRILL spoke of "hired hack writers" as "particularly active in defaming this matter." We are sorry that Mr. MORRILL should choose so to describe the papers which support free trade; and why "hired hack writers?" Suppose that we should say that the hired hack representatives in Congress were particularly active in defaming the advocates of free trade. It would be following a very bad example, but it would surely be a very poor argument.

A writer who expresses the conclusions of the most acute thinkers upon political economy, because his observation and reflection approve them, and who has no pecuniary interest which could affect his views, ought surely to be safe from aspersion of his motives. Such a writer might be tempted to retort. If the question were of "hired" advocacy, he might inquire whether Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS or Mr. GRISWOLD were interested in the iron manufacture, whether Mr. GRINNELL were a wool-grower, whether Mr. RICE were interested in paper, and whether Mr. MORRILL held any stock in marble quarries or works. This kind of argument is a two-edged sword. It cuts before and behind. It is quite as likely to wound the assailant as the assailed.

In the same style the tariff papers call the free trade journals "hired presses," "purchased journalists," "political liars," "paltry pettifoggers in the importing interest," "dumb dogs of free trade," while the free traders retaliate by calling the tariff "monstrous," "plunder," "robbery," "swindling compromise," "atrocious swindle." This is absurd. The impression conveyed by each side is that the other is venal, and the argument is consequently incalculably weakened. We have no doubt that Mr. MORRILL is sincerely persuaded that protection is the true policy for this country. But if, upon that abstract question, this journal or any other disagrees with him, is it necessarily because the writers are "hired hacks," or "paltry pettifoggers," or "liars," or "dogs?" May it not be because they are just as competent to have and able to maintain an opinion as Mr. MORRILL? Good manners never hurt a good cause.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 10:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull called up the House bill fixing the number of Judges of the Supreme Court and changing the judicial districts, and moved an amendment, which was agreed to, reducing the number of associate judges to six. The bill provides:

Sec. 1. That hereafter the Supreme Court of the United States shall consist of one Chief Justice and eight Associate Justices.

Sec. 2. That the First and Second Circuits shall remain as now constituted; that the districts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware shall constitute the Third circuit; that the districts of Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina shall constitute the Fourth circuit; that the districts of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas shall constitute the Fifth circuit; that the districts of Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee shall constitute the Sixth circuit; that the districts of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin shall constitute the Seventh circuit; that the districts of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas shall constitute the Eighth circuit; and the districts of California, Oregon, and Nevada shall constitute the Ninth circuit.

The amendment which Mr. Trumbull was instructed by the Judicial Committee to offer provides: "That no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court shall be filled by appointment until the number of associate justices shall be reduced to six, and hereafter the said Supreme Court shall consist of the Chief Justice of the United States and six associate justices, any four of whom shall constitute a quorum, and the said court shall hold one term annually at the seat of government, and such adjourned or special terms as they may find necessary for the dispatch of business." Mr. Trumbull called up the bill for enlarging the public grounds surrounding the Capitol, which was passed. Its provisions are as follows:

That the public grounds surrounding the Capitol shall be enlarged according to the plan approved by the Committee on Public Buildings of the Senate and House of Representatives respectively, which plan is hereby directed to be deposited in the custody of the Secretary of the Interior, by extension between First Street East and First Street West, in the following manner: Northwardly, to the south side of North B Street, and southwardly to the north side of South B Street, including, in addition to so much of the reservations, avenues, and streets as are necessary for such extension, the two squares designated on the plan of the City of Washington as Nos. 687 and 688 respectively.

Sec. 9 Provides that it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to purchase from the owner or owners thereof, at such price not exceeding its actual cash value as may be mutually agreed on between the Secretary and such owner or owners, and not exceeding the appraisal made by the commission of nine in their report to Robert Ould, United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, on the twenty-first day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, such private property as may be necessary for carrying this act into effect, the value of the property so purchased to be paid to the owner or owners thereof out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, on the requisition of said Secretary. Provided that before such payment shall be made the owner or owners of the property purchased shall, by good and sufficient deed or deeds, in due form of law, and approved by the Attorney-General of the United States, fully release and convey to the United States all their and each of their several and respective rights in said titles to such lands and property so purchased.

The third section authorizes the appraisement of such property, if the Secretary of the Interior and the owners shall be unable to agree as to price.

The seventh section appropriates fifty thousand dollars for filling up and enlarging the public grounds as proposed.

In the House, the Tariff bill was passed, 94 to 53.

July 11:

In the Senate, the bill regulating the time and manner of electing United States Senators was passed, 25 to 11. The bill does away with voting by ballot, and requires an open or *viva voce* vote in all cases.—A resolution vesting the right and privileges and exclusive use of the Atlantic telegraph cable in the American Atlantic Company of New York was passed.

July 12:

In the Senate, the Tariff bill was received from the House, and was referred to the Committee on Finance, to report next December.

July 13:

In the Senate, the Niagara Ship Canal bill was postponed until December next by a vote of 24 against 13.

In the House, the bill making appropriations for the civil expenses of the government was taken up. Among other amendments passed was one appropriating $10,000 for additional station-houses and life-boats along the coast of New Jersey, between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor, and $5000 for repairing and lighting the light-house at Tucker's Beach, on the coast of New Jersey. The bill was then passed by the House.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a new tariff bill, which is a partial revision of the one lately recommitted.—The Pennsylvania contested election case being under consideration, a resolution retaining Mr. Dawson in his seat was adopted.

July 14:

In the Senate, the House resolution to appoint a joint committee on the subject of retrenchment, to sit during the recess, was adopted with amendments so as to apply to the military and naval as well as civil service, and charging the committee to inquire into the expediency of changing the method of appointment to civil office so that it can not be used for party purposes.

In the House, the bill authorizing the construction of bridges across the Mississippi was passed.

July 16:

In both Houses, the President's Message, vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, was read, and with most precipitate haste the bill was passed over the veto: in the House by 104 to 33; in the Senate, 33 to 12.

RUPTURE IN THE CABINET.

Postmaster-General Dennison resigned his position in the Cabinet July 11. Three days afterward his resignation was accepted, and the First Assistant-Postmaster, A. W. Randall, was nominated to succeed him. Attorney-General Speed has followed Dennison's example. The following is the correspondence between Mr. Dennison and the President:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 11, 1866.

"SIR,—I have the honor to tender you herewith my resignation of the office of Postmaster-General, to take effect upon your notifying me of its acceptance. In thus withdrawing from the Cabinet it is proper to say that I do so chiefly because of the difference of opinion between us in regard to the proposed amendment of the Constitution, which I approve, and the movement for the Convention to be held at Philadelphia on the 14th proximo, to which I am opposed. My confidence in the patriotism of the Union Republican Party, and conviction that upon its permanent control of the Government depend, in a large measure, the peace and happiness of the country, will not permit of my holding an equivocal attitude in respect to it.

"Assuring you of my personal regard and appreciation of the uniform courtesy I have received from you, I am,

"Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

"W. DENNISON.

"To the President."

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 14, 1866.

"SIR,—Your resignation of the office of Postmaster-General, tendered in your letter of the 11th inst., is hereby accepted. Fully appreciating your kind assurances of personal regard, I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

"ANDREW JOHNSON.

"To Hon. William Dennison, Washington, D. C."

NEWS ITEMS.

General Dix has written a letter to Senator Doolittle, fully indorsing the Philadelphia Convention.

The vote in West Virginia on the amendment to the State Constitution has been officially declared as follows: For ratification, 22,224; for rejection, 15,302—majority for the amendment, 6922.

Generals Steadman and Fullerton were to leave Galveston on the 12th for New Orleans. They have visited portions of the interior of Texas, and express satisfaction with the former and present management of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Southern papers exhibit a very general disposition on the part of the people to respond to the address for the Philadelphia Convention. State and District Conventions have been called in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina.

Senator-elect Patterson, and Representatives-elect Cooper, Campbell, Leftwich, Taylor, and Thomas have issued an address to the people of Tennessee, urging them to send delegates to the National Union Convention to assemble in Philadelphia on the 14th of August.

The Savannah Board of Aldermen has adopted an ordinance prohibiting colored persons from entering the public Park, unless nurses having white children with them. Policemen at the gates will enforce the order.

The army raised in the Revolution, from 1775 to 1783, amounted to 231,791, the militia adding one-half that force, and the navy consisted of four vessels. In 1812 the regulars numbered 32,360, the volunteers 6000, the militia 30,000, and the navy consisted of 8 frigates and 170 gunboats. In 1815 we had 276 vessels, with 1636 guns. In March, 1865, we had 684 ships-of-war, with 4477 guns; and the aggregate number of men raised for the Union armies, to put down the rebellion, was 2,688,000. If to the above be added the quotas constituting the Confederate armies, it will be found that the grand aggregate reached 4,000,000 of men at arms—the largest force ever yet put on a war footing in any one country, in any age of the world.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN GERMANY.

THE Prussians on the 3d of July gained a signal and decisive victory over the Austrian army at Sudowa. During the last three days of June there appears to have been some pretty severe fighting between the two armies in the northeastern corner of Bohemia in the neighborhood of Skalitz and Trautenau. The Crown Prince, with the advance of the Prussian army, invaded Bohemia on the 23d of June. The Prince Royal, Frederick Charles, co-operated. Steadily the Prussians gained ground, forcing Benedek back from the frontier toward Prague. The following official dispatch from the Crown Prince bears date of July 1:

"The result of the three days' fighting in which the Fifth Prussian Corps has been engaged can not be too highly estimated. On the 27th it was opposed by the Sixth Austrian Corps, under General Ramming. A letter was found addressed by the latter to General Benedek, in Josephstadt, which affords complete proof that the forces under his command were thoroughly exhausted. He therein requested General Benedek to send him two fresh Brigades in order that his troops might bivouac under their protection, and acknowledged that they would not be able to fight on the following day. The Fifth Prussian Corps was therefore opposed on the 28th and 29th by the Corps of the Archduke Leopold and General Testetics.

"The fighting on these two days extended over a much greater line than on the 27th. The Austrian Corps under General Gablenz was completely broken up. Besides innumerable prisoners, 20 guns, five colors, and two standards belonging to the Corps of General Gablenz, fell into the hands of the Prussian troops."

On the 29th of June the Prussians stormed the town of Gitschin, and compelled the Austrians to fall back to Josephstadt and Königgrätz. This victory secured the junction of the two Prussian armies, against which Benedek concentrated the whole of the Austrian and the Saxon forces. Four days afterward, on the 3d of July, a great and decisive battle was fought at Sudowa, in which the Austrians were totally defeated, losing no less than 14,000 prisoners. Before this great battle the Austrian loss was estimated at 40,000 men. Austria, after this crushing defeat, agreed to cede Venetia to the Emperor of France, asking his mediation. Napoleon at once communicated with the belligerents, and proposed an armistice. The replies of Italy and Prussia to this proposition have not yet been received.

The London *Times*, before it had the news of the battle at Sudowa, writes as follows: "The war in Bohemia is awful work. The Austrians, we are told, lost 15,000 men in their various encounters with the army under the Crown Prince of Prussia; they had 25,000 put *hors de combat* in their vain attempts to arrest the progress of the army under Prince Frederic Charles—altogether 40,000 men in five days. The prisoners are computed at 15,000, leaving 25,000 for the dead and wounded. Whole battalions have been annihilated; whole corps—the Clam-Gallas, the Gablenz, and the Saxon corps, no less than the Kalick Brigade—are so utterly broken up as to be unable to reappear in action for some time. Benedek's army has fallen back behind the Elbe, taking up its position between the fortresses of Josephstadt and Königgrätz, greatly disheartened and disorganized, according to the account of Austrian officers prisoners in Prussian hands. The desertion of Italian soldiers from the Austrian ranks is on the increase."

ENGLAND.

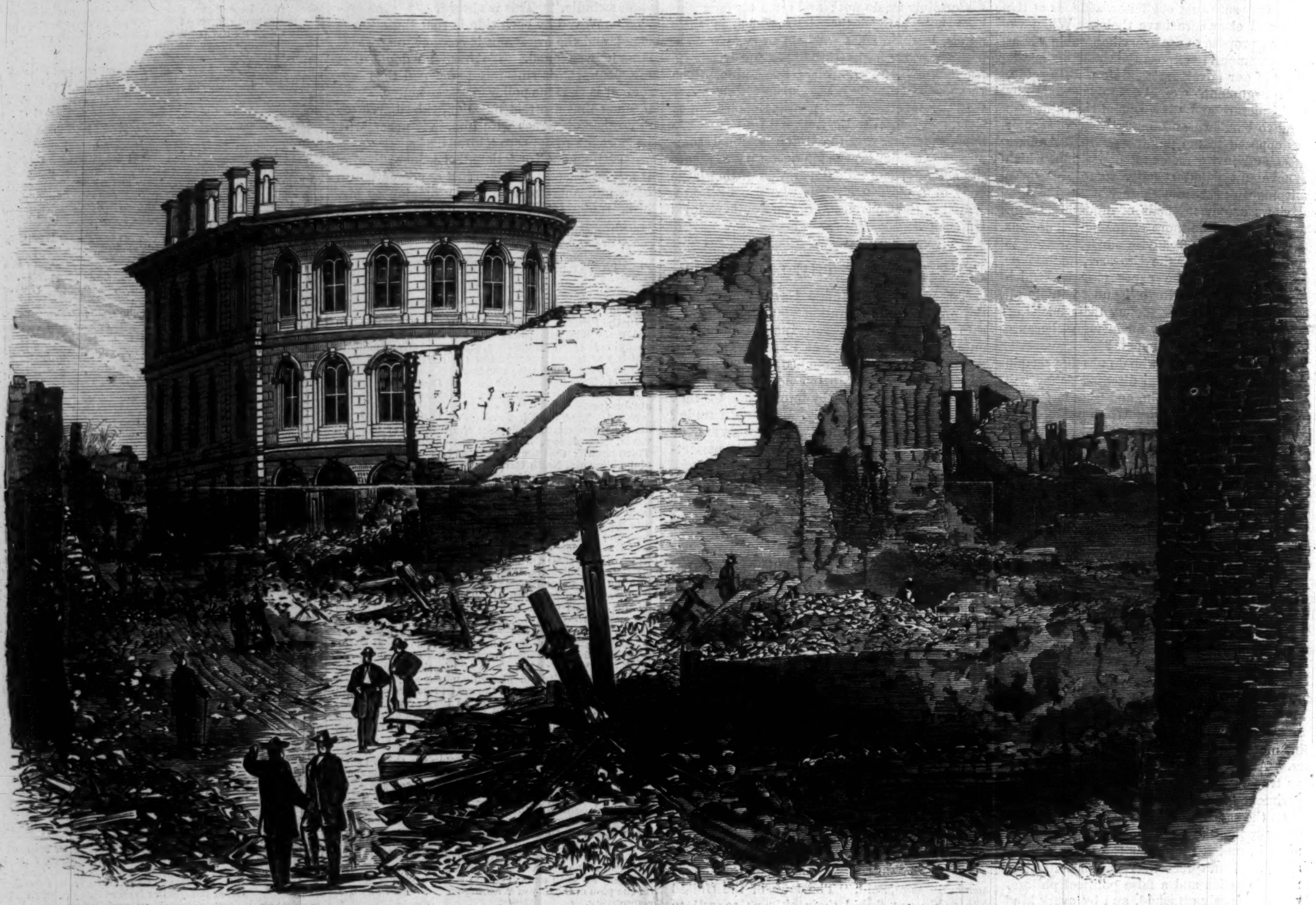
The new ministry under Lord Derby has been formed, which is constituted as follows:

Premier—Lord Derby.
Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Disraeli.
Foreign Secretary—Lord Stanley.
Home Secretary—Mr. Walpole.
Colonial Secretary—Lord Carnarvon.
Secretary for India—Lord Cranborne.
Secretary of War—General Peel.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Sir John Pakington.
President of the Council—Duke of Buckingham
Privy Seal—Lord Malmesbury.
Lord Chancellor—Lord Chelmsford.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Marquis of Abercorn.
President of the Board of Trade—Sir Stafford Northcote.
President of Poor Law Board—Mr. Hardy.

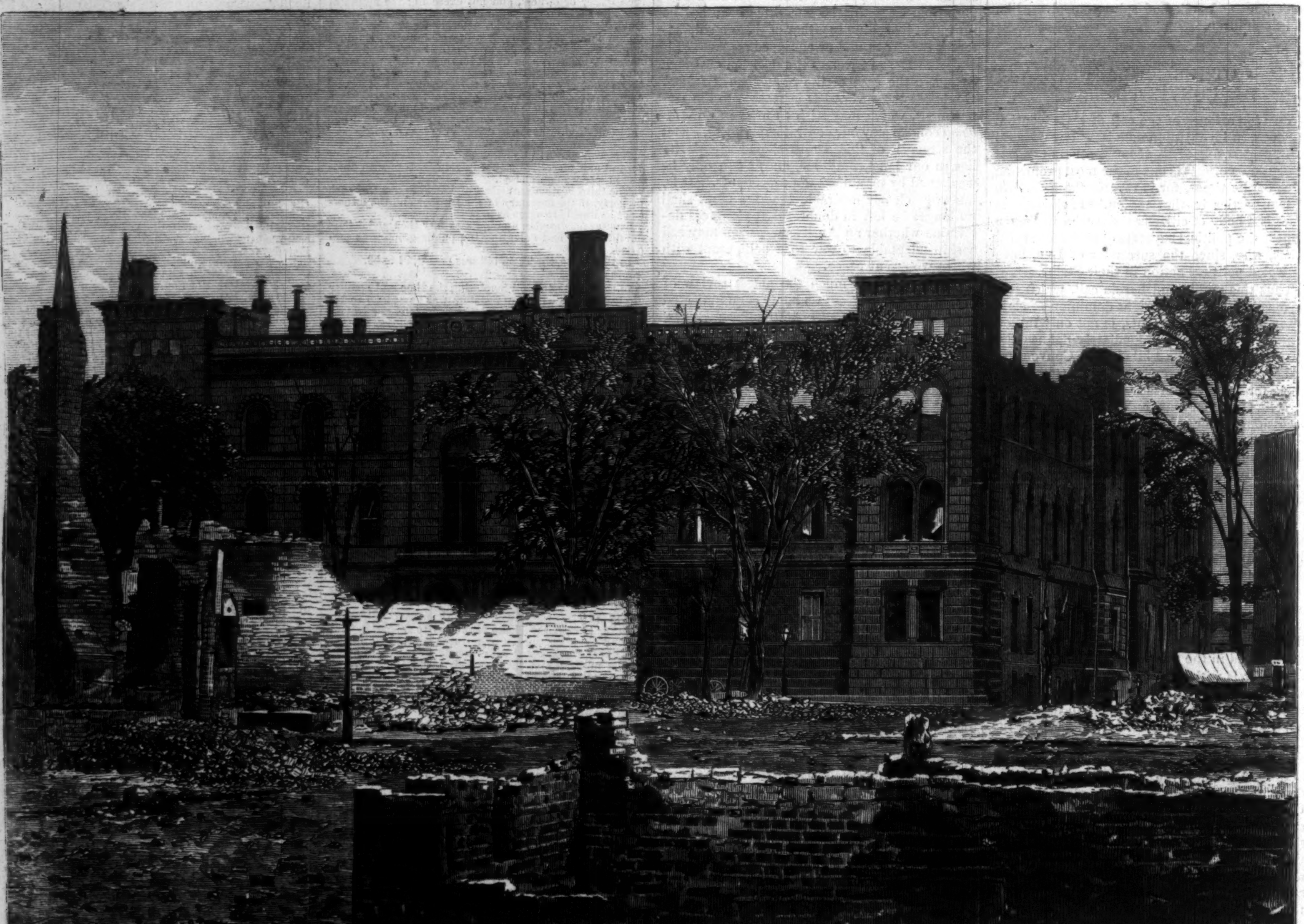
The Princess Helena was married on the 5th instant.

SPAIN.

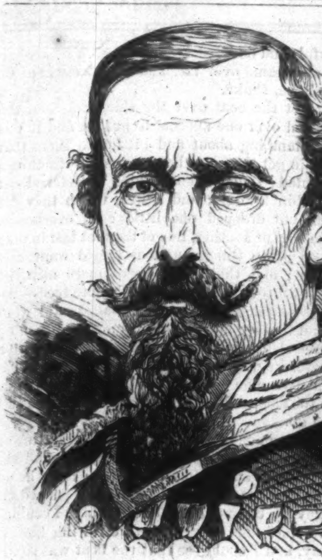
The late insurrection in Madrid was unusually extensive and sanguinary. The soldiers massacred their officers, and distributed arms to the people, who threw up barricades. Several officers of high rank were wounded—many of a lower grade were killed. There was artillery firing in the streets for several hours. The killed and wounded are said to have amounted to 1000 or 1200. Then came the trials by drum-head court-martial, and the shooting of the leaders in the insurrection. Thirty or more non-commissioned officers were shot the first day, and thirty or forty more, including some of the more active of the populace, were to follow. The Progressive papers have been suppressed.



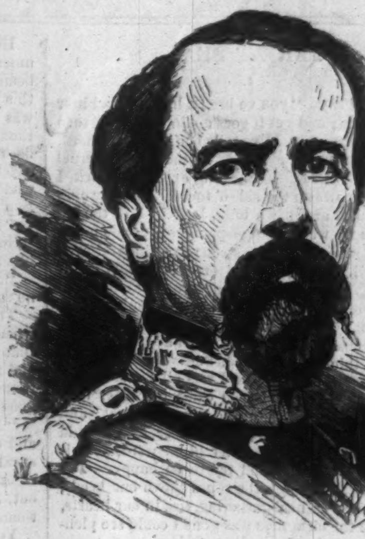
GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—THE POST-OFFICE AND SURROUNDING RUINS.—Photographed by M. F. King, Portland, Maine.—[See First Page.]



GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—RUINS OF THE CITY HALL.—Photographed by M. F. King.—[See First Page.]



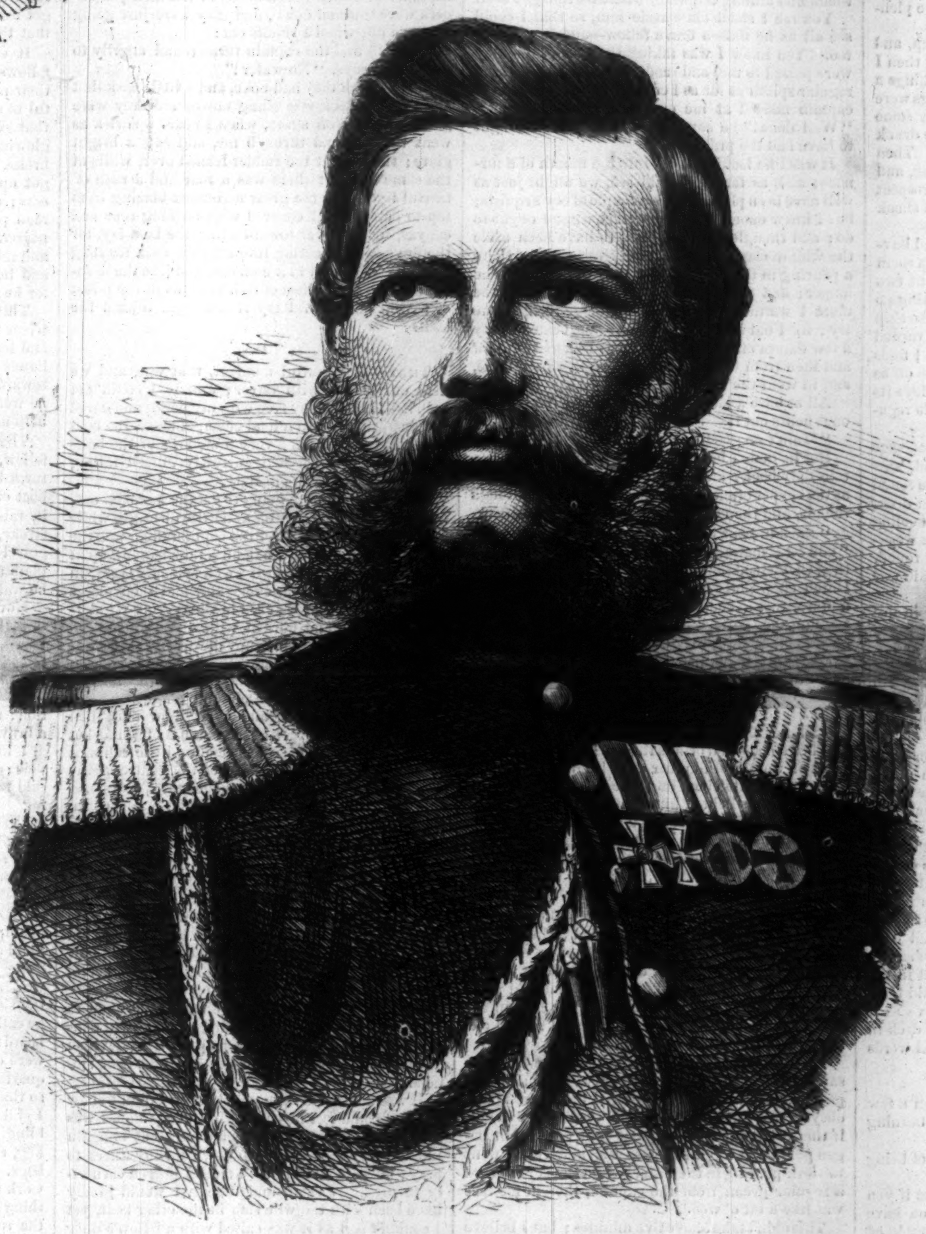
GENERAL DELLA MARMORA.



GENERAL CIALDINI.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

Frederic William Nicholas Charles, the Crown Prince and heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia, is the son of King William I., who ascended the throne in 1861, succeeding his insane brother Frederic William IV. The present King was born in 1797, and is consequently 69 years old. The Crown Prince is 35 years old, having been born in 1831. At the age of 17 he was sent to the University of Bonn. His University career being ended, he was recalled to Berlin and commenced his military career as a private in the Guards. The Prussian princes must serve from the pike up. He soon received the command of a company. After a while he was sent on his travels, and spent some time in Italy. Going to England, he married the Princess Royal in 1858. About this time King Frederic William having become incapacitated, the father of the Crown Prince became Regent. As Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Second Army Corps, the Crown Prince made the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, but was not engaged in any action. He, however, shared in all the hardships of his troops during that winter campaign, and achieved in consequence a great popularity with his troops, and acquired the reputation of being an accomplished soldier. Upon the conclusion of this war he returned to his post as Stadtholder of Pomerania. When the present war was determined upon he was appointed General and Governor of Silesia, and commander of the Second Army Corps.



CROWN PRINCE FREDERIC WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

ITALIAN GENERALS.

We give on this page portraits of the principal Italian Generals belonging to the army under the more immediate supervision of King Victor Emanuel.

General Durando commands the First Corps, which did the fighting at the battle of Custozza. This army corps is composed of the first division, commanded by the Piedmontese General Cerale; of the second, by General Pianelle, a Neapolitan, of great military skill, and the last Minister of War of Francis II. The third division is commanded by General Brignone (head-quarters at Castiglione della Stiviere). Brignone is a member of the Italian Parliament, and has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the ablest Generals in this army. The fourth division is under the leadership of a famous Garibaldian General—famous, because he was a Roman Catholic priest, and still more so for the courage he displayed in the defense of Venice in 1848-49, and in the Neapolitan campaign of 1860. Durando was a comrade of Cialdini in Portugal and Spain.

The Second Corps is commanded by General Cucchiari, whose portrait is not given.

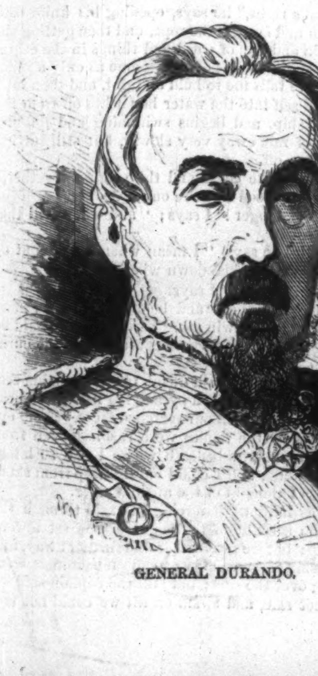
General Della Rocca commands the Third Corps. He is a man of great military and scientific talents. Four divisions belong to this army corps: The seventh, under the command of Bixio, the well-known and audacious General of Garibaldi; the eighth, under General Cugia, formerly Minister of the Marine in Minghetti's Cabinet; the ninth, under Govone, the able General who was the negotiator of the Prussian-Italian treaty at Berlin; and the sixteenth and last division, under the leadership of Prince Humbert of Savoy, the eldest son of Victor Emanuel.

The strongest and most powerful Corps of all is the Fourth, under the command of Cialdini. This corps seems destined to accomplish great deeds, and it may be almost considered as an independent one. Cialdini is to the regular army what Garibaldi is to the volunteers. General Piola, a very able officer indeed, acts as Cialdini's chief of the staff; while Prince Colonna, Count Mosti d'Este, Count Serristori, Count Michel, and Count Borromeo—five of the most illustrious noblemen of Italy—are among his staff-officers and aids-de-camp. Five divisions, and perhaps the most brilliant, form this corps. They are the eleventh, under General Count Casanova; the twelfth, commanded by General Riciotti, undoubtedly one of the most distinguished artillery generals of Europe; the thirteenth, under General Mezzacapo, a Neapolitan; the fourteenth, under General Chiabrera; the fifteenth, under Medici, a Garibaldian General of great repute. General Count Maurice de Sonnax, the hero of Montebello, commands the reserve of cavalry, and General Mattei that of the artillery.

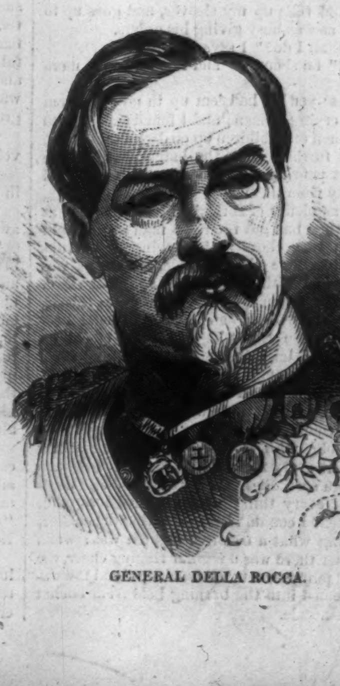
The following detailed sketch of General Della Marmora, Victor Emanuel's chief of staff, is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 27:

"Alphonse Ferrero della Marmora, whose family belongs to the Piedmontese branch of the Acciajuoli of Florence, is the youngest but one of the sixteen children of the Marquis Celestui della Marmora, whose wife was a Mdlle. de Berze. He was born in November, 1804, and is now in his sixty-second year. At twelve years of age, an orphan, he entered the military school of Turin, left it in 1823 as commissioned officer in the artillery; in 1831 he became Captain, and soon afterward Major, and from that time began zealously to work in the remodeling and reconstruction of the branch of the service to which he belonged. He visited most of the European and other military schools, and returned to Piedmont to give a decisive and profitable impulse to reform in the Sardinian army. In 1848 he proved himself an able and trust-worthy officer. Charles Albert dispatched him to Venice in order to support Manin, but between the latter and La Marmora there was but small cordiality and confidence, and the Sardinian soldier was recalled to command a division under Durando, and was replaced at Venice by General Pepe. On the heights of Pastrengo, April 2, 1848, he attacked very unexpectedly the Austrian rear-guard, and by this happy stroke enabled the Piedmontese to recover themselves. This latter feat brought him some favor with Charles Albert, who up to that time had been rather bored, and even irritated, by the unremitting exertions of this military reformer. After the reverses of the Piedmontese arms the revulsion of feeling at Milan evinced by an excitable populace was very great. The King's person was in danger; he was, as it were, a prisoner in the Palazzo Greppi, and it is not too much to say that the agitation was chiefly conquered by the faithful and resolute courage displayed on that occasion by La Marmora. He was immediately made Brigadier-General and chief of the staff under Chrzanowski, who was then under the King and commanded the army.

"La Marmora soon resigned, and while on a mission in Tuscany received intelligence of the disasters in Lombardy, with orders to return instantly. He arrived too late to witness Novaro. The abdication of Charles Albert quickly followed, and as soon as Victor Emanuel succeeded he made La Marmora Lieutenant-General and Minister of the War Department. The latter post he had already twice filled, the first time for about three weeks, the second for about as many days; and now he saw before him a task which nature had qualified him to perform well. The army was literally almost demolished, and what remained of it was by no means the best part. It was necessary to purge it of all that swarm of refugees who, poor, discontented, and in debt, resorted to the army from the least creditable of motives. The Hungarian, Polish, and French soldiers formed an extremely explosive and untrustworthy element, and in time of peace demoralized the regular troops not a little. Discipline was lax, and habits of irregularity, insubordination, and a great confusion of ideas on the subject of property prevailed; the men were ill clothed, ill armed, and there was little money with which to mend matters. All this did not deter La Marmora; he performed his work with a severity, resolution, and industry which was expected from him, but also with a patience and caution in giving needless offense which had hardly been hoped for. As soon as Piedmont embarked in the Crimean war La Marmora enjoyed the legitimate fruits of his labor. He resigned his port-folio and received the command of the contingent forces. His services at that period will be recent in the public mind, as also his exploits, which were not less considerable, in 1859. It is somewhat suggestive that La Marmora was in 1861 charged with a special mission to Berlin as embassador extraordinary, and was immediately afterward selected to notify the proclamation of Victor Emanuel as King of Italy to the Court of the Czar. He afterward took the command of the 2d corps of the army, but he and General Fanti could not come to an amicable understanding on military matters, and La Marmora abruptly resigned. It was not without much difficulty that he was prevailed on to become Prefect of Naples, the population of which was at that time in a state of transition so-called, but in reality utter disorder, anarchy, and reactionary conspiracies. His best friends do not accuse him of a too suave, easy, and politic temper; it can not be said that he was successful in this office, and to judge by results his two years there were a distinct failure. The camp and the barracks, not the town, are the proper field for his capabilities. He assisted in the repression of the riots in September, 1864, which arose on account of the change of capital to Florence, and has since then generally held a place in the Italian Cabinet. He has now once more resigned his post to follow his king to battle. He is understood to be a sincere admirer of Louis Napoleon, to whom his appointment was ascertained to be acceptable. M. Ricasoli, who replaces him in the Ministry, is supposed to have more English tendencies. In person General Marmora is tall and slight, remarkably florid for an Italian in complexion.



GENERAL DURANDO.



GENERAL DELLA ROCCA.

FAR AT SEA.

I.

"AH!" I says, "you've been a hard and a bitter mother to me; and yet it goes again the grit to turn one's back upon you. I've toiled on, and lived hard, and yet you've always showed me a cold, cruel face;" and as I said that, feeling quite heart-sick, I leans my elbows on the side o' the ship, and my chin on my hands, and has a long, long look at the old country as we was leaving—perhaps to see no more.

I looked round, and there stood plenty, tearful-eyed and sad, with all the lines of sorrow marked in their foreheads, while I could see lips trembling and breasts working with the pain they could hardly keep down. And then I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me that we thought together the same sad things, and that I knew their thoughts and they knew mine. There was all the old life—plain as could be; and then came the long, long struggle with sickness, and death, and want; and I knew that people said such poor folk should not marry, and many another bitter word, as if it was wrongful to love and try to be happy. The wind whistled through the ropes above our heads, and the clouds seemed gathering, too, in our hearts, for though the bitterness was gone I could see plenty of sorrow and sadness all around.

"Won't do, my lad!" I says, rousing up, and wetting both hands as if I meant work; and then I goes down in the steerage to try and make things a bit comfortable, for you see all the poor things were in a most miserable state. Some was ill, some down-hearted, some drunk and foolish, some drunk and noisy, some drunk and quarrelsome. Then there was children crying, and women scolding, and altogether it was any thing but a cheering prospect for the night—for, as you may say, we weren't shook down into shape yet.

"Good time coming!" I says, cheerily; and having no young ones of my own, I set to to help them as had. I got hold of a young shaver—about two and a half, I should think—and he was a-letting go right away, as if he'd got all the trouble in the ship in his precious young head. But he soon turned quiet, playing with my knife, and all at once I finds as he'd made a hammock o' me, and had gone off as sound as a church. During the next three days its mother was very ill, poor thing, and I had to regularly mind the little one; and I did, too.

Well, 'tisn't a very pleasant life in the steerage of an emigrant ship bound for New Zealand, 'specially if the weather's a bit rough; and so we found it. For the next morning, when I went on deck, there was a stiff breeze blowing, the ship heeling over; and as I thought the night before so it was—there was nothing in sight but waves all round. One sailor did point to something which he said was home, but it might have been a cloud.

The fourth night had come, and as I lay in my berth listening to the "wash, wash" of the water past the side of the ship, the creaking and groaning of the timbers, and every now and then the heavy bump of a wave against the side, I couldn't help thinking what a little there was between us and death; and somehow or other the serious thoughts that came kept me wide awake.

It was two bells, I think they call it—for they don't count time as we do ashore—when all at once I could hear as there was a great bustle up on deck, where all through the watches of the night every thing is mostly very quiet. Then there came a good deal of tramping about and running to and fro; so I gets out of my berth, slips on one or two things, and goes cautiously up the ladder and gets my head above the hatchway, and then in a moment I saw what was up, and it gave me such a shock that I nearly let go my hold and fell back into the steerage. There was a thick cloud of smoke issuing out from between the hatches, right in the centre of the ship; and almost before I could thoroughly realize it all, or make myself believe as it was true, a woman ran shrieking along the deck in her night-dress, and calling out those fearful words on board ship:

"*Fire! fire! fire!*"

Hundreds of miles from land, standing on a few nailed-together pieces of wood, and them burning beneath your feet.

I couldn't help it: all my bitter feelings of being ill-used came back, and I says to myself:

"Your usual luck, mate; wouldn't be you if you weren't unfortunate. But never mind; you have your choice—fire or water." And then I thought of the danger, and I ketches myself such a thump in the chest, and rolls up my sleeves, and goes up to the captain as was busy giving his orders.

"What shall I do?" I says.

"Pump!" he shouts; "and fetch a dozen more up!"

Lord bless you! I had 'em up in no time from among the crying women; and I found time, too, to get the women and children up on deck in the poop, which was furthest from the hatches, where the smoke kept pouring out; besides which the wind took it away from them.

There was plenty of shrieking and screaming at first; but they had got the right man in the right place when they chose that captain, for he runs to the poop, where all the shivering things was a-standing, and with a few words he quiets them. Then he runs to the men as was scuffling about, here, there, and every where, and gets them all together; and then at last he gets a line of fellows with buckets, a lot more at the pumps, and some more at the little engine as was there; and then, when all was ready, and every man standing still at his post, he goes with some more to the hatches and drags up a couple, when up rose a regular pillar of fire and smoke, with a snaky, quiet movement, and in a moment every face was lit up, and there was quite a glare spreading far out to sea. Sails, cordage, masts, every thing seemed turned into gold. For a moment I couldn't help forgetting the danger, and thinking what a beautiful sight it was; when directly after there was a regular ringing cheer, the engine and pumps went "clang-clang," and the water was teemed into the burning hold from bucket and engine-nozzle.

How the water hissed and sputtered! while volumes of smoke and steam rushed up where it had been all flame but a moment before, and as we saw this we cheered; but we'd nothing to cheer for; it was only the fire gathering strength; and then, as though laughing at the water we poured in, it came dashing, and crawling, and running up, licking the edges of the hatchway, and setting on fire the tarpaulins at the sides, and then it began to shoot and leap up as if to catch at the cordage and sails.

"Pour it in, my lads," shouted the captain. "Don't be afraid; we sha'n't run short of water, like they do at your London fires."

"No," says a chap on my side; "and there ain't no running away into the next street."

Then I saw the captain run to the man at the wheel, and he changed the course of the ship, so that all the smoke and flame went over the side; and then at it we went, sending in the water at a tremendous rate, but to all appearance it did no good—not a bit.

"Now, my lads," says the captain, "with a will;" and then we cheered again; and that noble fellow stood with the engine-nozzle in his hand, leaning right over the fiery hole, where the flames darted out, scorching him, and there he stood battling with them, and aiming the water where he thought best.

You see I stood close aside him, so that I could see all as he did—a brave fellow—and it was hot, too. You know I was taking the buckets as they were passed to me, and sending the water in with a regular splash as far as I could every time; and the captain nodded at me every now and then, and, "Well done!" he says, when it was him as ought to have had the praise.

It was like locking down into the mouth of a furnace; and, as far as I could see, we might just as well have been playing with a couple of boy's squirts; but I knew enough of duty to feel what I ought to do; and though I'd have liked to have been aside the wife to comfort her, my duty was to stand there a pouring in that there water till I couldn't do it no longer; and the more it didn't seem no good, the more I warmed up—obstinate like—and meant to try; for I didn't see any fun in being beaten off by a few flames and sparks, while the look as I got now and then from the captain went right through me, and in went the water.

All at once a lot of the sailors stops pumping, and one shouts out:

"'Tain't no good, mates. Boats out!"

But he hadn't hardly said it before I saw the captain dart back; and then there was a bright light as the copper branch of the hose-pipe flashed through the air, and then down came the sailor on the deck.

"Back to your work, men," sang out the captain; "and let a man go to the boats if he dares!" And then they stood hanging about, muttering, and one Dutch chap pulls out a knife. Just at the same minute, too, a couple of the sailors as had been handing me the buckets strikes work too, a-saying they'd be hanged if they'd stop there and be frizzled.

I felt that if the men did as they liked it would be all over with us; and that meant a regular rush to the boats, while the poor women and children were left to burn; so what did I do but I ups with the leather bucket I had in my hand—I've often laughed since—and brings it down like a 'stinguisher right on the top of number one's head; as to t'other—he was a little chap, and I'm six foot and pretty strong—I gets hold of him by the scruff of the neck and strap of his trowsers, and afore he knew where he was I had him up in the air and over the hole where the flames were pouring up, and so close, too, that he could feel the scorching; and then—I ain't much given to swearing, but I rapped out something fierce, that if he didn't work I'd hurl him in.

Lord, you should have heard what a shriek there was as the fellow twisted about like an eel to get away, and then I put him a little nearer; when he begged and prayed to be put down, and he'd work till he dropped; and then up comes the captain, for he'd bolted off into the cabin, but now rushed out again with a revolver in each hand.

"Well done, my man," he shouts to me, for he saw what I did; and then he gives me one of the pistols, and swore he'd shoot the first man as disobeyed, and I'm blessed if I didn't believe he would, if they'd have tried it on; but they didn't, but began pumping away like mad again, and we two went to work pouring in the water, while I'm sure I heard a regular groan from the captain, though his face was like a bit o' wood.

This didn't take above five minutes; but I believe it lost us the ship, though we had seemed to make such a little impression when we turned on the water. But five minutes at such a time was ruin; the flame rose higher and higher, and the heat was awful; so that do what we would, we were beat back, and instead of a quiet crawling flame now there was a regular roar, and the wind set toward the great fiery tongues in a fierce draught.

"Stick to it, my man," says the captain, in a low voice. "It's our only chance."

"And I wouldn't give much for it, sir," I says, in the same tone.

"Hush!" he says; and then to the men, "Pump away, my lads!"

They pumped away hearty enough, and kept trying on a cheer; but it soon could be seen with half an eye that the ship must go, for the flames darted up, and, almost before you knew it, the rigging was on fire, and the tongues like leaping from rope to rope, till the tarry things blazed furiously, right up to the mainmast-head, and little fiery drops of burning tar kept falling on to the deck, or cissing into the sea; while for far enough off, out into the dark night, the great flaky sparks went flying along, for all the world like a beautiful golden snow-storm.

"There," says the captain, throwing down the copper branch with which he had played on the fire, and shaking his fist right in the flames, so that they must have burned it, "there," he says, savagely, "I've fought it out with you, and you've beat! Now for life saving!"

And then, quietly and coolly, he had one boat lowered down, with the first mate in and a crew of sailors, and the shrieking women and children lowered in, while the quiet ones he kept back. Then there was a water-cask and a lot of biscuit-bags thrown in, and that boat, well loaded, pushed off on the calm sea, and lay to, watching us. Then the second mate was ordered into the second boat, with a crew of sailors; water and bags of biscuit were thrust in; and then, well loaded with women and children, and one or two of the men passengers, that was carefully lowered down, unhooked, and pushed off.

The other two boats were not swung over the sides, but lay between the masts of the ship, right in the middle of the deck, and were full of stores and odd things put there to be out of the way; but the captain and men left soon had tackling fastened to the boat that was right in front of the fire, and it was hauled up, swung clear, and lowered down with a couple of men in, and they rowed it back to the hinder part of the ship, while we who had been launching it had to make a regular dash through the flames, which now extended nearly across the deck. One man, however, did not dare come through, but plunged overboard and swam after the boat till he was took in.

"Now then," said the captain; and the rest of the women were slung down.

I did not mean to go as long as I could help the captain; and then half a dozen of the men passengers were lowered down, and they were just going to shove off, when I shouts out:

"Stop!" and the captain turns round angrily to me; and I says, "No water!"

Sure enough they had none, and a little cask that stood on the deck was slung down, and they were going to shove off again, when I heard a shriek as went through and through me, and saw a bright glare; the man at the rudder leaned over, while at the same moment there was a roar and a rush of fearful light, and the great mainmast blazing from top to bottom, and covered with burning rope and canvas, toppled over toward where the boat lay, for the fire had been eating into it below deck for long enough. It was all in a moment, and like the flashing of some great sheet of lightning, as in the midst of a wild and fearful cry it fell right toward the boat.

II.

THAT was a fearful moment, that was, and we held our breath with terror; and I—I could not help it—I covered my face with my hands and dared not look, till I heard a loud cheer, and saw the boat safely floating within a very few yards of the half-extinct mast which had narrowly missed falling upon the little haven of safety.

And now they were going to get the last boat out, and the three others lay off at a little distance, while above the hoarse orders of the captain there was the crackling and roar of the flames, now leaping up at a fearful rate. And yet it was a splendid sight, in spite of the horror; for every now and then pieces of the copper wire rope used in the rigging regularly caught fire, and burned with a most beautiful blue light, brighter than in any fire-work I ever saw; while now the foremast had taken fire, and the flames were tearing along the rigging till the ropes seemed illuminated with little beads and tongues of fire. The heat grew awful, and every now and then pieces of blazing rope, spars, and blocks fell red-hot and glowing into the sea, to send up little columns of hissing steam. The whole of the centre of the ship was now on fire, and the flames rose prodigiously, floating off, and flashing amidst the clouds of smoke; while far away, still lightly flitted and spun about the golden flaky snow, eddying among the smoke, and darting far on high, in the most beautiful way imaginable.

I think I said before how the tremendous heat caused a regular draught to set toward the fire, so that as you were almost scorched before, the wind came with quite a cold rush behind; but then, how it made the flames roar again, and burn more fiercely than ever! It was a sickening sight; for every now and then the cruel forky tongues seemed to keep lapping at and threatening us, and then dancing and licking every thing up, as if in devilish joy at the prospect of soon devouring us poor sinners.

It was a horrible sight, and though I didn't show it, yet I could feel my heart sink every time I was idle for a few moments, when I went at it again like a savage. I didn't go down on my knees to pray; but—I don't know—I *think* I prayed earnestly in my heart then, and though I would gladly have been with the wife safe in the other boat, yet I couldn't feel as it was suited with a fellow's duty to leave such a man as that captain had showed himself all in the lurch; so I say to myself:

"Be a man, too, Phil;" and I did try to, any how.

All at once the flames seemed to veer round, and began blowing toward us, while the position of the boats was changed; and I couldn't understand it, till I saw the captain run from helping to get the last boat—the one as was on the deck close to the mizenmast—over the side; and then I found it was the man had left the steering-wheel, and had run up toward the boat.

"Back!" I heard the captain say; "back, or I'll fire!"

"Fire away, cap," says the man, sulkily; "one may just as well die by fire one way as another, and I won't stand there and be burned." And then the captain's hand—the one as held the pistol—fell down by his side, and he looked regularly done.

"What's up?" I says. "Can I do?" and I followed the captain to the wheel, which he turned so as to put the head of the ship right once more; and as he did it, she just changed round again; but while all this had been going on the mizen or third mast took fire, and now was blazing away fiercely.

"Hold on here, my man," says the captain, "and keep the wheel just as it is. That's right; hold the spokes firm; and if her head swings round, call to me to come and help you."

"All right," I says; "but mind, I don't understand it a bit." And now my troubles seemed to begin; for though it was bad enough to be bustling about fancying that the ship would either go down or you'd be burned every moment, yet to stand stock-still holding on to the spokes or that wheel was awful, and do what I would to stop it, a regular tremble came over me, and my knees kept on shake, shake, shake.

They got the boat over the side, and then the men rushed over one another to get in, and it was only by stamping about and hitting at them that the captain got the poor chaps to take in the things they wanted; such as food, which he fetched out of the cabin himself; and water, which they did sling in, but dropped one little cask overboard. But, one way or another, he got them at last to take in a good many things such as they'd want, and a compass; and then, with three more men, he rushed down to the cabin again for more food—biscuit bags—saying as the other boats would want more, and that we must supply 'em. And then up they came staggering and shaking, one man with a little water-keg, and the captain with a side o' bacon, and two men with bags o' biscuit; and they goes to the side, and I wished my job was done as I saw 'em go.

All at once one of the men gives a yell, throws down his bag, and leaps bang overboard, and the others, running after him, did so too; and then I could see that the cowardly beggars had pushed off—for they lay close under the side, where I couldn't see 'em before, and now they were rowing hard to get away, and I could see that the boat was so full that the least thing must make her fill and sink.

It was pitiful to hear the shrieks of those poor fellows as was left behind, as they swam with all their might to get up to the boat, and it was pitiful to see, for it was as light as day, and the waves that gently rose and fell seemed waves of blood—glowing blood—with golden crests as they softly broke. But though one man swam so fast that he got up to the boat, they pushed him off with the oars; and then I saw him cling to them, and one man pulled out a knife to stab at him if he came nearer, while just then I saw the boat-hook rise up and fall with a heavy thud on the poor chap's head, and he went under, and I said, "God help him!" for he came up no more.

There were two more swimming after them, and when the next saw all this, he just turned round, and looked back at the ship, and paddled with his hands a bit, and then stretching them straight up toward the sky, he gave one wild, bitter shriek, and he went under; and this time I tried to say, "God help him!" but it was only my lips that moved.

There was the other, though, a fine, lusty young fellow, and as soon as he saw what took place he turned off to the left and tried to reach the nearest boat of the other three; and manfully he swam for it, raising himself well up in the water at every stroke, and gradually lessening the distance till he got close up to the stern, where I could see quite plain some one holding out his hands to him, and he was took aboard the boat.

Now all this took place in a very few minutes; and, in spite of the danger, we, the two last on board, could not help stopping to gaze at the terrible incident; but now the captain comes up and takes my hand, and says:

"Brother, it was a cowardly, cruel, selfish action; and I don't know but what I'd rather die with a brave man than live with curs."

I know my hand shook, but I don't think my voice did, though I thought of life being sweet as I said to him,

"Is it very hard to die, captain?"

"Yes," he says, "I believe it is, to a strong man; and as God gave us life, and we've done our duty so far, why we must finish it by trying to save two more."

"But how?" I says, getting hold of him.

"Don't leave the wheel," he says; and then, again, "But it don't matter—she makes no way. Lend a hand here."

And I helped him, and together, roasting almost, we dragged three great fowl-coops and a grating to the side, and he tied them together—lashed them, he called it—in no time; then we shoved them overboard; and as the vessel slowly swung round, we were out o' sight o' the boats, which were about a quarter of a mile off. He had a rope to the coops so that they could not float off, and, as he told me, I slid down on to them and squatted there trembling, while he lowered down to me the little water-keg, some rope, the bacon, and two of the biscuit-bags. Then he pitched some loose pieces of wood-work and the cover of the cabin stairs and a hutch thing and tarpaulin into the water by me; slid down the rope, and was by my side in a few minutes, with the coops sinking about, so that I was glad to lower myself into the water and hold on.

"That's right," he says, opening his knife with his teeth and cutting the rope, and then getting the tarpaulin and bits of wood and things in the centre in the handiest way possible—same as only a sailor could. He tells me to hold on tight, and then lowering himself into the water he pushes off from the burning ship, and begins swimming and guiding our bit of raft away very slowly, but still further and further off.

"I'll lash the coops and the grating together," he says, "as soon as we're out of danger."

"Out of danger!" I says; "and when will that be?"

"Well," he says, "I mean when we are out of reach of being sucked down when she sinks."

"Will she sink?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "and before long now;" and then he went on swimming hard, while I could do nothing but watch first the boats and then the burning ship.

It was grand, though awful, to see the noble vessel standing there like a pyramid of fire whose heat we could yet feel on our scorched faces. From every part now the flames were rushing, even from the cabin windows beneath where I had so lately been standing, and I could hardly keep from shuddering as I thought of the awful danger.

It was hard work forcing the raft through the water on account of the breeze which set toward the ship; but we got further and further away, and were some distance off when the mizen-mast went blazing over the side; but still the captain said we were not safe, and swam on till we could not feel he breeze; and at length, panting and exhausted, he hung on motionless, and said we must risk it now.

Then we were both silent, and watched the boats now further away from us, and the blazing ship seeming to be the centre of a glorious ring of light, on the outside of which like sparks we all lay waiting for the end we knew was soon to come. Every where else was dark as pitch, not even a star to be seen, while the waves just rose and curled a little over as they washed against our raft.

For a good piece the silence was as deep as the darkness, and then the captain was the first to break it in quite a cheerful voice:

"Can you lay your hand on the rope?" he says; and I passed it to him, and then I could hear him in the dark busily at work tying and fastening; and at last he says: "Now crawl on again; it will bear you better;" and faint and wearily I managed to crawl on and lay with my legs in the water and my head on the bag of biscuit; and directly after I felt him crawl on too, and we took hold of hands and lay there in the deep darkness while he said that prayer out aloud in such a soft, deep voice—that prayer as we first learned kneeling down years ago by our mother's knee. When he came to "Deliver us from evil" he stopped short; and soon, worn out there in the great ocean, floating on a few pieces of wood, we both felt in Whose hands we were, and slept till the warm bright sun shone upon us and told us that another day was here.

The first thing the captain did was to stand up and look round, and then he said he could see only one boat; but he hoisted up one of the pieces of wood and wedged it in the coop with a handkerchief flying at the top, after which we made a hearty meal of the biscuit, raw bacon, and water. After this the captain got one of the coops on the other, and by binding and lashing he made a much higher and better raft, so that we could keep our biscuit and bacon out of the water and sit dry ourselves.

And so we lay all that day till toward evening, when we found that the boat was coming toward us, and just at dusk it was within hail; and if ever I'd felt hopeful or joyful before in my life, it was then. They had no room for us, but they took us in tow, and the weather keeping calm, we all rowed and worked in turns, steering according to the captain's direction for the nearest land; for when our turn came we two went into the boat, and two others came out on to the raft, and so we toiled on for days, when one morning there was a joyful cry:

"A sail! a sail!"

And it was, too, within a mile of us, plainer and plainer as that glorious sun rose; and then some laughed, some cried, and one or two seemed half mad with joy, as after a while she ran down toward us, picked us up, and proved to be a British man-of-war, homeward bound.

In another week I was back in the port I left without clothes, without money, but with as good and true a friend in Captain Ellis as ever walked. I had life, and with it came hope; and somehow since then things have prospered with me in the old country—the old home that I once left to go far at sea.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER X.

I THINK it will not do to follow the three children to Chestnut Hill on this occasion—another day, perhaps; but really the season is running on at such a rate that it is more than time our seeds were in the ground.

It was so late when the carriage reached home that night that Mrs. May would not let the children sit up to table a bit, but sent them all off to bed at once; and even the watering-pots were left tied up till morning. But as soon as the birds were fairly astir, and the sunbeams gleaming across the brown fields and rail-fences, the house, too, was filled with a little hum of business and pleasure. Not too quiet a hum either; for it does now and then happen that wide-awake children forget other people's slumbers; and Lily and Clover and Primrose ran about the hall, and laughed and talked and sang, in happy unconsciousness that there was such a thing as sleep in the whole world. It was a pleasant disturbance after all; Mrs. May found no fault with it up stairs; and though the door stood open into the breakfast-room, where Sam sat with his books, nobody got up to shut it. Indeed, you could even see upon the student's face now and then a smile which was certainly called forth by no treatise on astronomy that ever was printed.

Jack was in the hall, helping the confusion, and making himself, as Lily said, "generally useless;" though, indeed, there was little to do but unpack the watering-pots and scatter the packing-paper about in every direction.

"So you had a grand time yesterday?" said Jack, looking critically with one eye through the long nose of Clover's watering-pot.

"Splendid!" said Lily. "Only I wish we had gone there before we sent for our seeds, then we could have got something worth while—air-plants and things."

"But those air-plants wouldn't grow in our gardens," said Clover.

"Yes, they would; they *must* like fresh air, child. The wonder is, how they can live in that close place. It almost smothered *me*."

"I didn't mind it," said Clover, "it was so very interesting. I suppose that was meant for the natural climate of the plants."

"I'm sure I don't know what it was meant for, but I know it was suffocating," said Lily. "Jack, just think—Maria Jarvis's sister has a gold bracelet made just like a snake, with green enamel scales and two diamond eyes."

"Has she, indeed?" said Jack. "Ha!"

"Yes," said Lily, "and you needn't say 'ha!' either, for you never saw any thing so splendid."

"Haven't I, though?" said Jack. "Why, I've seen the real thing."

"What's the real thing?" said Lily, slightly offended.

"You just tell Maria Jarvis, with my compliments," said Jack, screwing up his eyes as before, "that next summer you'll beat her sister all to nothing; for you'll have *real* snakes in your garden."

"Jack! how horrid!" said Lily. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, put down my watering-pot, and talk and look like a rational boy," said Clover. "What *do* you mean?"

"Just that," said Jack, coolly. "Real snakes, with real scales, and shining eyes, and a tongue that'll run out and in at you so—!" And Jack made his little unruly member play about in a way that was very unruly indeed. The three children stood aghast!

"Then there'll be earth-worms," continued Jack, seeing the impression he had made; "long, slimy, wriggling red things, coming right up out of the ground before you know where you are. And it's no sort of use to cut 'em in two with your spade, for each piece just grows out into a new earth-worm, and so you only double the quantity."

There was another minute of dismayed silence, and then Primrose darted away up stairs to her mother.

"Jack," said Clover, "you ought not to frighten Primrose. She's such a little thing! and you know she can't bear even the sight of a caterpillar."

"She'd better quit gardening, then, before she begins," said Jack, decisively. "I say, Clove, how much did you give a yard for the nose of this watering-pot?"

"Ah, here's mamma!" said Lily. "Mamma, I was only telling Jack about Sarah Jarvis's beautiful bracelet—made *just* like a snake, mamma, with scales and all!"

"I am glad it is not mine," said Mrs. May, with a slight shiver. "And was Jack quite lost in admiration?"

"No, indeed, mamma," said Clover; "but he told us some very unpleasant things about what we should have in our gardens next summer."

"Snakes, mamma!" said little Primrose, clasping her mother's hand, and looking up appealingly. "And earth-worms!"

"They are not very pretty things, certainly, to my eyes," said Mrs. May, with a smile, as she sat down and took the little girl on her lap; "but to a robin, Prim, the earth-worms are extremely attractive—quite as much so as oysters are to you! And the worst thing they will ever do in your garden will be to eat up a leaf now and then. You can bear that, I hope?"

"Yes, mamma," said Prim, with a long sigh; "but I didn't want to have any thing in my garden that wasn't *beautiful*."

"Beautiful they are, in one sense," said her mother, "with the beauty of perfect fitness for their life—the wonderful make and adjusting of every part."

"And the snakes, mamma?" said Prim.

"They have that same perfection and finish, like every one of God's creatures," said Mrs. May, "and they have often, too, great beauty of color. Still, I do not like snakes, Prim, I must confess; but I would much rather see a real one than wear such a snake bracelet on my arm, if that is any comfort."

"Mamma, mamma!" said Lily.

"Jack, what have you been telling these children?" said his mother.

"A little possible truth, mamma—slightly high-colored."

"Ah, please to tell them nothing but positive truth for the future; and remember, young eyes are not skilled in colors."

"I don't believe there'll be a snake seen in your garden all summer," said Sam, coming out of the breakfast-room; "and if there is, I'll show you how fast he can run!"

"Oh, have they got feet?" said Primrose.

"You'll see, if one comes," said her brother. "And then we can study it all out, and learn how a snake moves *without* feet. The earth-worms too; why, Prim, they're ten times as curious as your Chinese puzzle. I dare say we shall see some of them to-day, for I mean to begin digging this very morning."

"In our gardens?" cried Lily.

"To be sure. I've tried the ground, and it will work."

There was nothing to do after that but dispatch breakfast as soon as possible, to be ready for digging; and all disturbed thoughts were brushed away. Sam went off to the tool-house and came back with a great spade on his shoulder nearly as big as the three little spades put together, and Lily followed, dragging a rake of corresponding size.

"Why *don't* you take our tools, Sam," she said, "and not these great ugly things? These aren't pleasant."

"Yes, and suppose I came against a stone and broke one of them," said Sam, "how pleasant *that* would be! I don't know what's in this ground yet; I haven't proved it."

And Sam threw off his coat as if he meant the proving should be an earnest one.

"You'll catch cold," said Clover.

"Not I! What with exploring the ground, and giving you a lecture on digging, I shall be warm enough. But where am I to begin?"

"I think you had better begin with mine," said Lily, promptly. "It's the largest, you know, and so you can give us a good long lecture."

Sam laughed a little, and shook his head.

"It's high time your garden was dug, Lily," he said; "that hedge wants planting badly!"

But he strode away down the hill toward Lily's patch as he spoke, with his spade on his shoulder, and the young ones trooped after him. Jack mounted the fence, and the others stood here and there on the gravel-walk to listen and look, and Sam began his work and his lecture together.

"The object of digging the ground, young ladies," he said, "is to bring it all to a fine, soft state, free from lumps and hard places, so that the light and air can make their way down into it, and the smallest roots of your plants can wander just which way they like best."

"Do roots wander?" said Clover.

"They're the greatest travelers *I* know, for their size," said Sam; "finding their way all about, after water, and food, and whatever else the pretty plant above ground may need. But then you must give them a fair chance, for each likes to go its own road."

"What queer things you do talk!" said Lily.

"All true," said her brother, measuring off the little patch and dividing it carefully in two. "Some roots, for instance, like to grow straight down into the ground; these are called tap-roots. And unless the ground is dug *very* deep, they have a poor time of it. The tap-root sets off on its travels and presently comes to a stone; well, it either crooks round the stone, or else it forks and goes both sides of it. But its strength is divided too, and its beauty is gone. I have seen radishes that were shaped as much like a breakfast-fork as any thing. The poor root wanders on again, and by and by meets a great clod of unbroken earth, and then it gives up, discouraged. No use to try any further, no use to think of growing any more; it just stands still till the end of the season, and comes out of the ground at last a little, ugly, crooked thing, and good for nothing. Just because the ground was not half dug."

"I guess *ours* will be dug!" said Prim.

"Sam, what do you divide the patch so for?" said Lily.

"I'll tell you presently," said Sam, going on with his measuring. "Then other roots are fibrous, like a bunch of little delicate threads; and they like to creep all about, near the surface but out of sight; and if you wall them in with stones or hard ground the plant will be sickly and miserable all its life, or else die outright. Just as Prim would if I should put her in a cage and never let her stir more than three inches from home."

Prim twisted herself about as if the very idea was uncomfortable.

"I'd like to dig too," she said.

"And so you shall," said her brother. "I'll go over the three gardens first, to break up the ground once thoroughly, and then whoever likes may dig it after me. And now to begin."

THE ROSE AND THE TOMB.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

"SWEET flower of Love, garden and field adorning,
What mak'st thou of those dewy tears of morning
That on thy glistening leaves repose?"
So spake the Tomb, and thus replied the Rose:
"What makest thou, O ever-yawning Tomb!
Of all that falls into thy gulf of gloom?
I of those tears can fabricate a scent
Of sweetest odors all together blent;
But *thou*"—"Reproach me not, O plaintive Flower!
But learn that, by a deep mysterious power,
The forms which hastening to my charge are given,
I change to glorious angels, meet for Heaven."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BRIEF "BAGS."—Short trowsers.

MARVELOUS.—We do not believe in spiritualism or magic (except sleight of hand and so forth), but what are we to say to a fact such as this?—"The other day a veracious witness actually saw a young man *turn into a public house*."—Transformation extraordinary! Further evidence will shortly be forthcoming.

An Illinois chap, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out."

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

A man who was arrested for stealing goods at a fire the other day, pleaded in excuse for and extenuation of his conduct, that he had been in the country but a few days, and *hadn't learned the rules*.

MODELS.—People never improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.

RATHER PRETTY.

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little dream,
A pretty little wedding was its pretty little theme,
A pretty little bachelor to win her favor tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be his pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes, and a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances from the pretty little eye,
With a pretty little face behind a pretty little fan,
She smiled on the proposals of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little "loves," and some pretty little "dears,"
Some pretty little smiles, and some pretty little tears,
Some pretty little presents, and some pretty little kiss,
Were the pretty little preludes to some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady and her pretty little spark
Met the pretty little parson and his pretty little clerk;
A pretty little wedding-ring united them for life,
A pretty little husband and a pretty little wife.

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the minister of the parish; but instead of spelling and pointing it properly, viz.: "A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," she spelled and pointed it as follows: "A person, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Different sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call for dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more riskful than all the others put together."

The last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges. It is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter J, and then punched a hole through the paper.

RECIPE FOR CHOOSING A GOOD WIFE.

As much of beauty as preserves affection,
Of modest diffidence as claims protection;
A docile mind subservient to correction,
A temper led by reason and reflection,
And every passion kept in due subjection,
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection;
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the wall of a country village: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

In reasoning, if you wish inferences that will not follow, *draw them*.

Want less than you have, and you will always have more than you want.

EPITAPH ON A MINER.

Beneath this crooked stump is laid
A whilom wielder of the spade,
Called J. A. Minor, from Bankside;
He lived a miner till he died.
Provoked one day, Death, in a rage,
At fifty stopped the miner's age;
With chills and fever made him sick,
Called at the camp and took his pick.

A masonic dignitary of great eminence in the order lately left Edinburgh to attend a celebration of the laying of a corner-stone, forgetting his cocked-hat. He discovered his omission presently, and telegraphed from the first station, "Send my cocked-hat by express to-morrow." His disgust may be imagined on receiving the next day a parcel containing *cooked ham*, on account of the operators having made a mistake in two of the letters of his message.

A miller, in giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying vermin, astounds us with the assertion, "A fortnight since I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one!"

When is a guinea not a guinea? When it's one pound won—at whist!

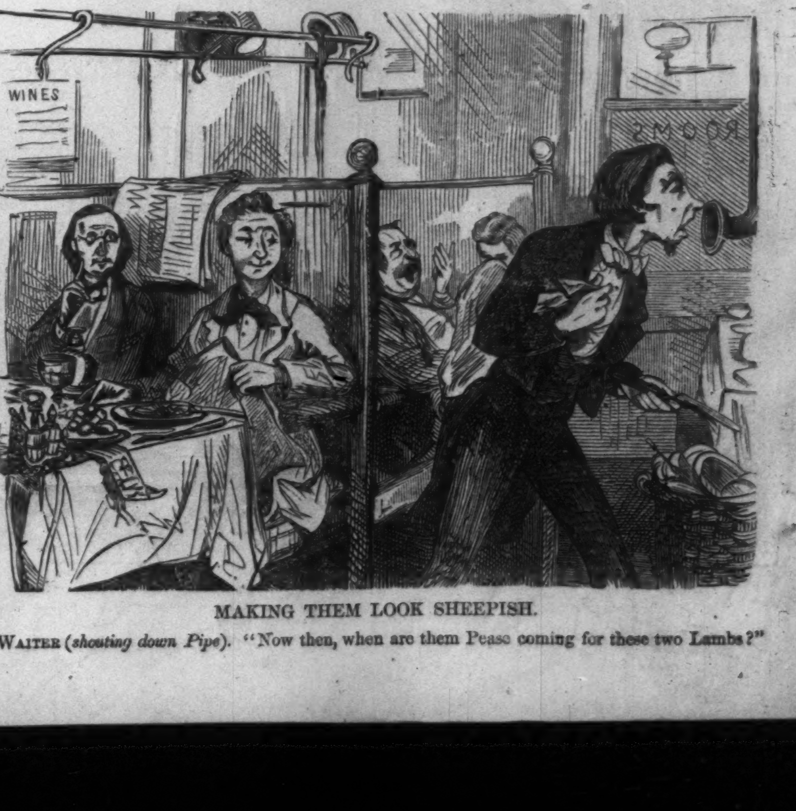
The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

VERY LIKELY.—The *Carlow Sentinel* reports an inquest on a girl, the verdict being that she died from eating orange-peel. The Orange has caused many dangerous disorders in Ireland; and we know the PEEL did not agree with the people, in fact it is not considered wholesome in England. But we never expected such fatal effects.

Cholera bullets—green apples.

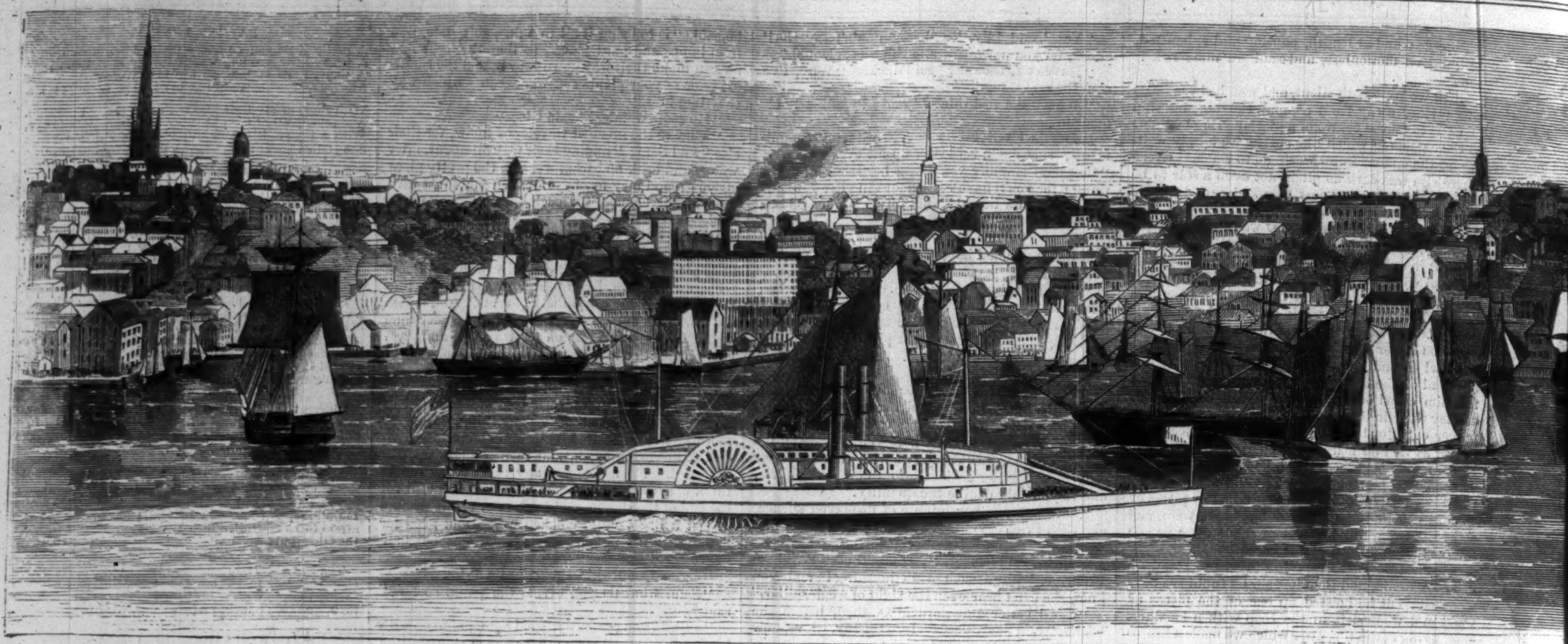
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"Pray what is lighter than a feather?"
"Dust, my friend, in driest weather."
"What's lighter than the dust, I pray?"
"The wind which wafts it far away."
"Pray what is lighter than the wind?"
"The lightness of a woman's mind."
"And what is lighter than the last?"
"Nay, now, my friend, you have me fast."

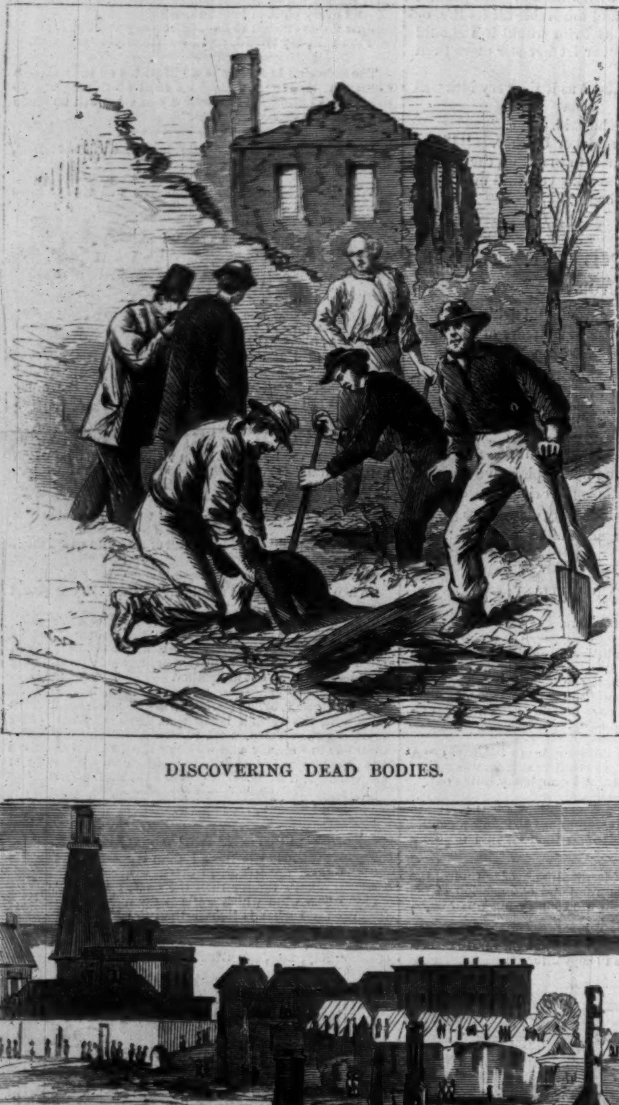


MAKING THEM LOOK SHEEPISH.

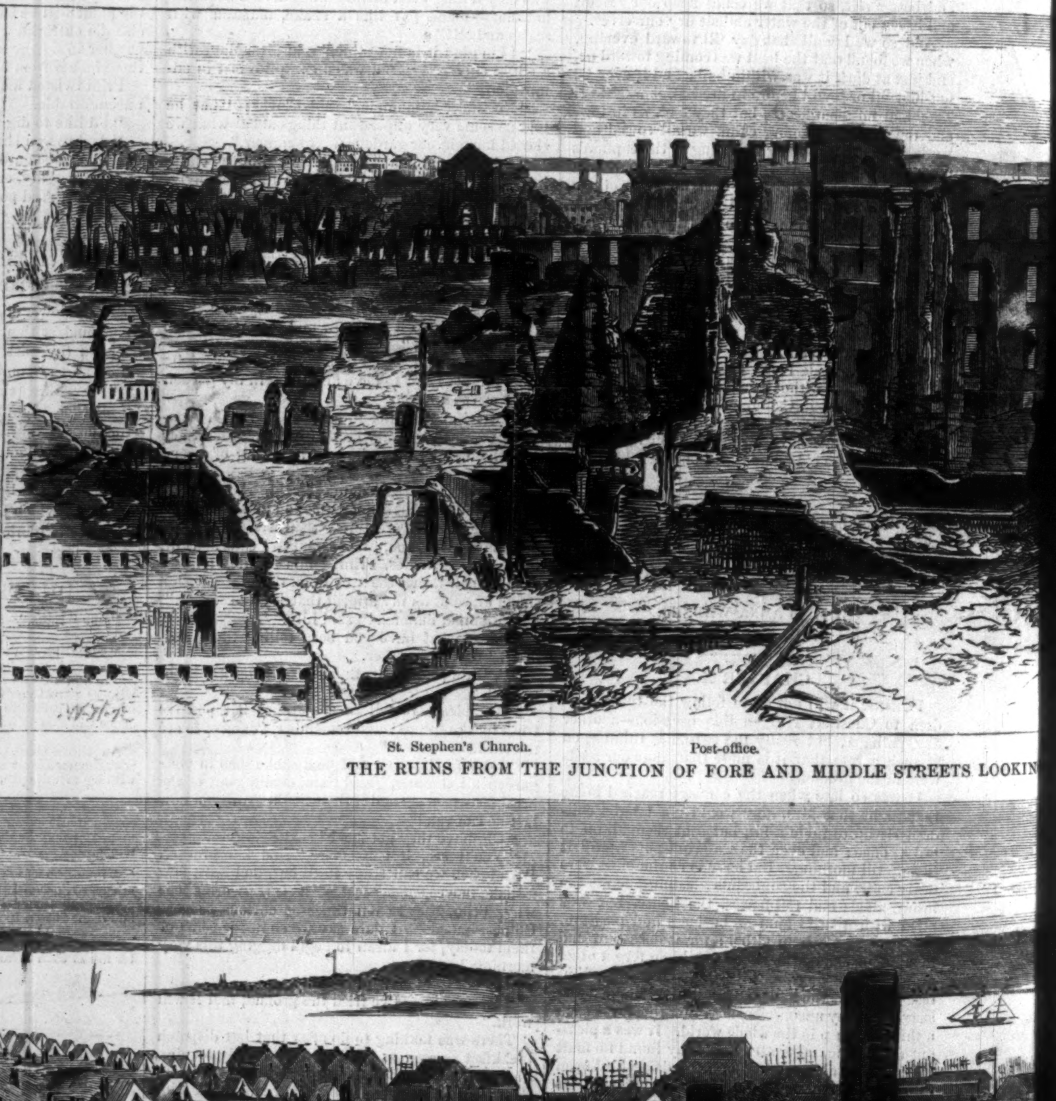
WAITER (*shouting down Pipe*). "Now then, when are them Pease coming for these two Lambs?"



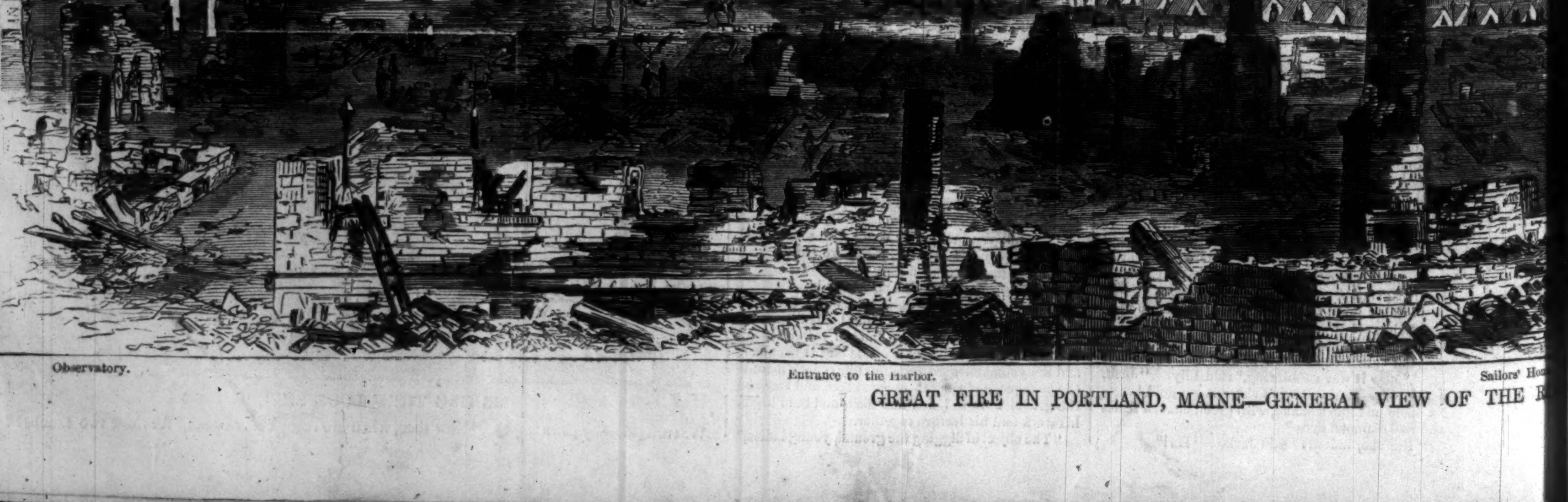
GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE



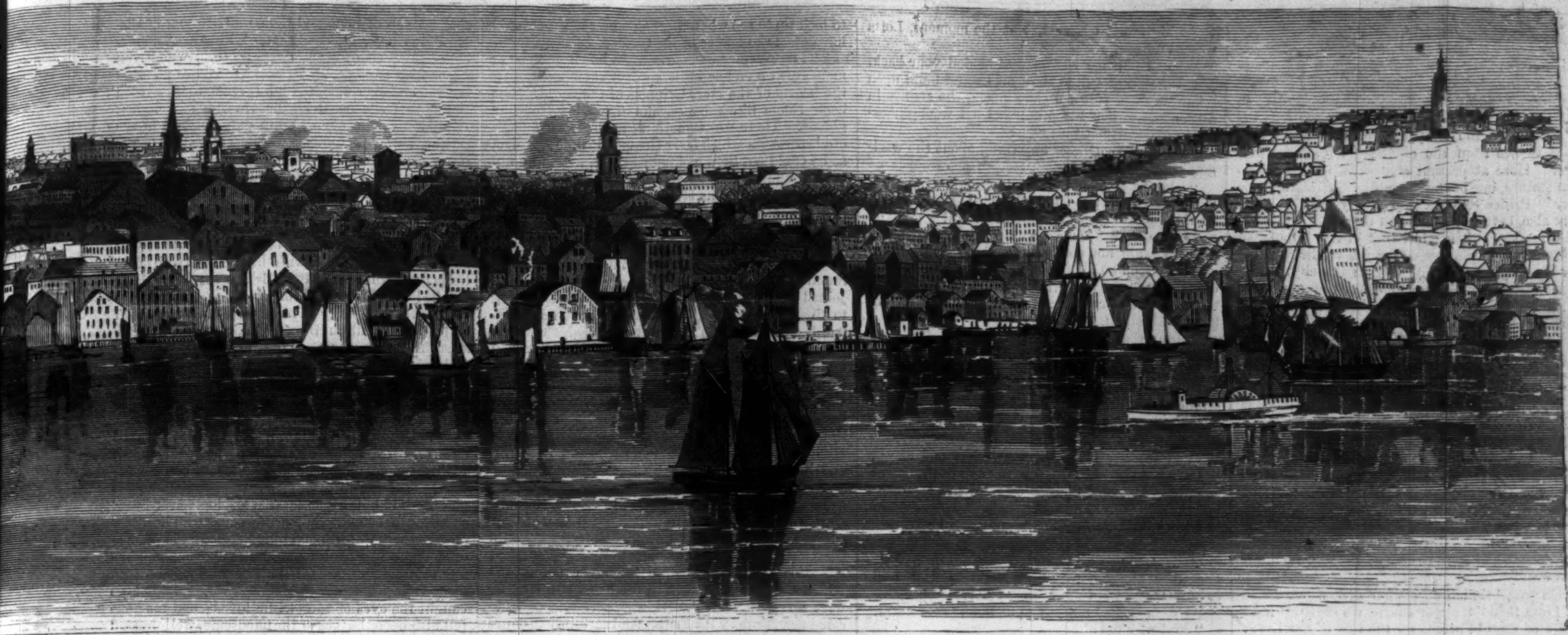
DISCOVERING DEAD BODIES.


St. Stephen's Church.
Post-office.

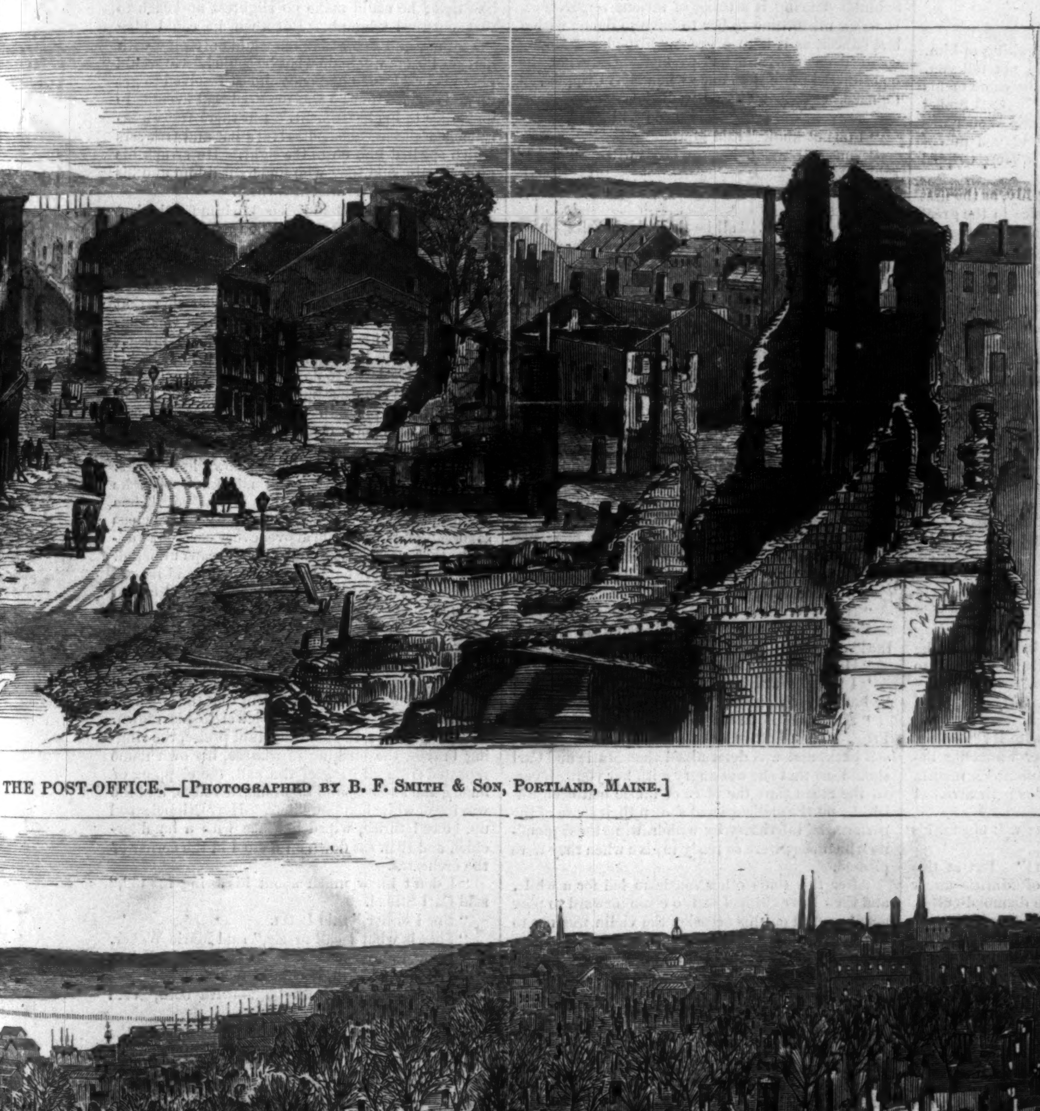
THE RUINS FROM THE JUNCTION OF FORE AND MIDDLE STREETS LOOKIN


Observatory.
Entrance to the Harbor.
Sailors' Ho

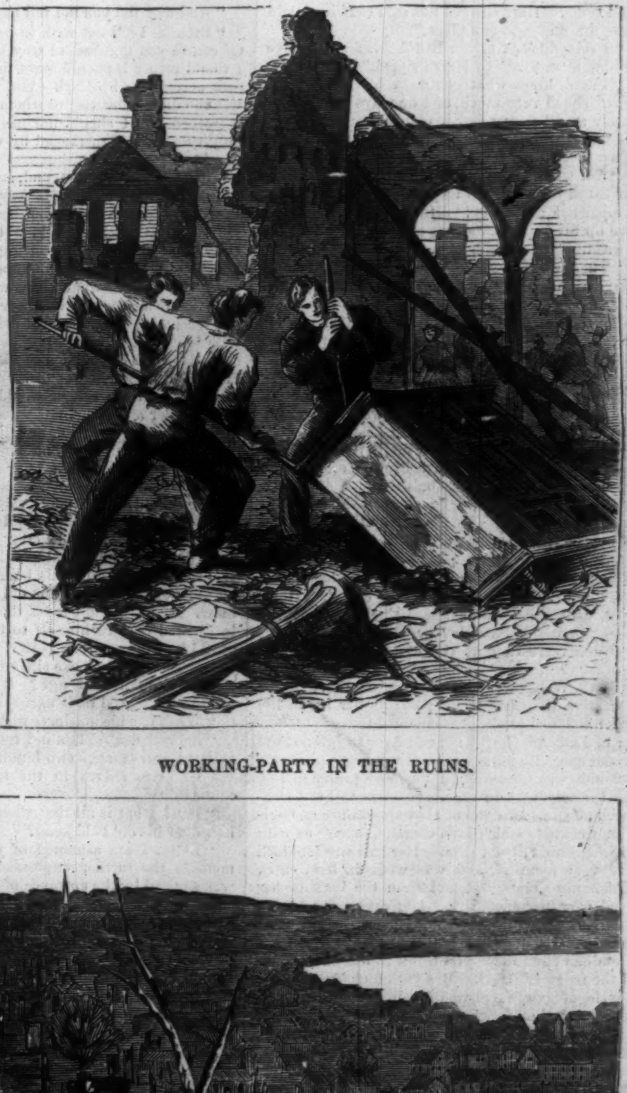
GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—GENERAL VIEW OF THE



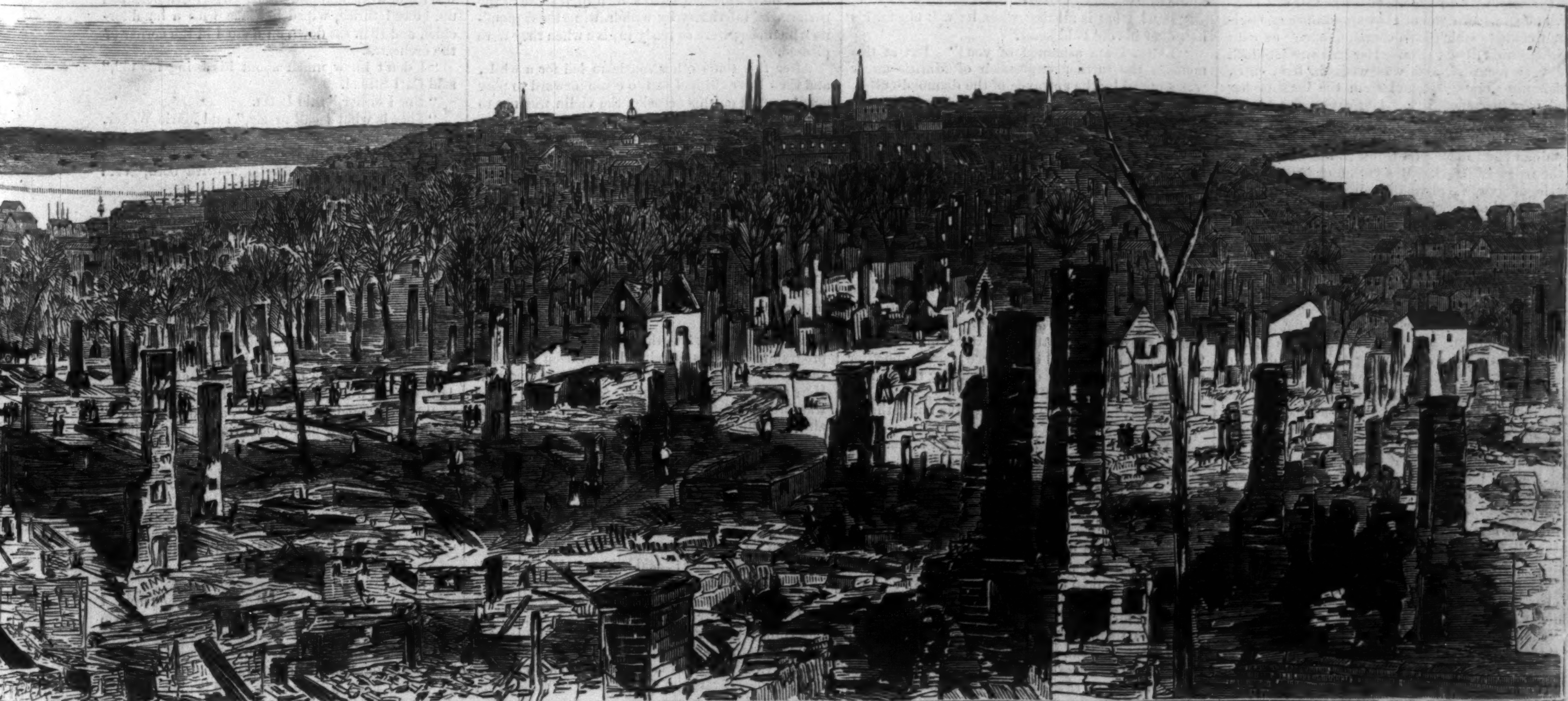
OF THE DISTRICT DESTROYED.



THE POST-OFFICE.—[Photographed by B. F. Smith & Son, Portland, Maine.]



WORKING-PARTY IN THE RUINS.


Post-office.
City Hall.
Back Bay.

FROM MUNJOY HILL.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See First Page.]

LOTTA SCHMIDT.

ON an evening of September, when there was still something left of daylight at eight o'clock, two girls were walking together in the Burgplatz in Vienna, a large open space which lies between the city palace of the Emperor and the gate which passes thence from the old town out to the new town. Here at present stand two bronze equestrian statues, one of the Archduke Charles, and the other of Prince Eugene. And they were standing there also, both of them, when these two girls were walking round them; but that of the Prince had not as yet been uncovered for the public. There was coming a great gala day in the city. Emperors and empresses, archdukes and grand-dukes, with their archduchesses and grand-duchesses, and princes and ministers were to be there, and the new statue of Prince Eugene was to be submitted to the art critics of the world. There was very much thought at Vienna of the statue in those days. Well; since that the statue has been submitted to the art critics, and henceforward it will be thought of as little as any other huge bronze figure of a prince on horseback. A very ponderous prince is poised in an impossible position on an enormous dray horse. But yet the thing is grand, and Vienna is so far a finer city in that it possesses the new equestrian statue of Prince Eugene.

"There will be such a crowd, Lotta," said the elder of the two girls, "that I will not attempt it. Besides, we shall have plenty of time for seeing it afterward."

"Oh yes," said the younger girl, whose name was Lotta Schmidt; "of course we shall all have enough of the old prince for the rest of our lives; but I should like to see the grand people sitting up there on the benches; and there will be something nice in seeing the canopy drawn up. I think I shall come. Herr Crippel has said that he would bring me, and get me a place."

"I thought, Lotta, you had determined to have nothing more to say to Herr Crippel."

"I don't know what you mean by that. I like Herr Crippel very much, and he plays beautifully. Surely a girl may know a man old enough to be her father without having him thrown in her teeth as her lover."

"Not when the man old enough to be her father has asked her to be his wife twenty times, as Herr Crippel has asked you. Herr Crippel would not give up his holiday afternoon to you if he thought it was to be for nothing."

"There I think you are wrong, Marie. I believe Herr Crippel likes to have me with him simply because every gentleman likes to have a lady on such a day as that. Of course it is better than being alone. I don't suppose he will say a word to me except to tell me who the people are, and to give me a glass of beer when it is over."

It may be as well to explain at once, before we go any further, that Herr Crippel was a player on the violin, and that he led the musicians in the orchestra of the great beer-hall in the Volksgarten. Let it not be thought that because Herr Crippel exercised his art in a beer-hall therefore he was a musician of no account. No one will think so who has once gone to a Vienna beer-hall and listened to such music as is there provided for the visitors.

The two girls, Marie Weber and Lotta Schmidt, belonged to an establishment in which gloves were sold in the Graben, and now, having completed their work for the day—and indeed their work for the week, for it was Saturday evening—had come out for such recreation as the evening might afford them.

Marie Weber was older, and not so tall, and less attractive than her friend; but as her lot in life was fixed, and as she was engaged to marry a cutter of diamonds, I will not endeavor to interest the reader specially in her personal appearance. Lotta Schmidt was essentially a Viennese pretty girl of the special Viennese type. She was tall and slender, but still had none of that appearance of feminine weakness which is so common among us with girls who are tall and slim. Her hair was jet black and very plentiful, and was worn in long curls, which were brought round from the back of her head over her shoulders. Her eyes were blue—dark blue—and were clear and deep rather than bright. Her nose was well-formed, but somewhat prominent, and made you think at the first glance of the tribes of Israel. But yet no observer of the physiognomy of races would believe for half a moment that Lotta Schmidt was a Jewess. But, overriding every thing in her personal appearance, in her form, countenance, and gait, was that singular fierceness of independence, as though she were constantly asserting that she would never submit herself to the inconvenience of feminine softness. And yet Lotta Schmidt was a simple girl, with a girl's heart, looking forward to find all that she was to have of human happiness in the love of some man, and expecting and hoping to do her duty in life as a married woman and the mother of a family.

When the two girls had walked twice round the hoarding within which stood all those tons of bronze which were intended to represent Prince Eugene, they crossed over the centre of the Burgplatz, passed under the other equestrian statue, and came to the gate leading into the Volksgarten. There, just at the entrance, they were overtaken by a man with a fiddle-case under his arm, who raised his hat to them and then shook hands with both of them.

"Ladies," he said, "are you coming in to hear a little music? We will do our best."

"Herr Crippel always does well," said Marie Weber. "There is never any doubt when one comes to hear him."

"Marie, why do you flatter him?" said Lotta.

"I do not say half to his face that you said just now behind his back," said Marie.

"And what did she say of me behind my back?" said Herr Crippel. He smiled as he asked the question, or attempted to smile, but it was easy to see that he was much in earnest. He blushed up to his eyes, and there was a slight trembling motion in his hands as he stood with one of them pressed upon the other.

As Marie did not answer at the moment, Lotta replied for her.

"I will tell you what I said behind your back. I said that Herr Crippel had the firmest hand upon a bow, and the surest fingers among the strings in all Vienna—when his mind was not wool-gathering. Marie, is not that true?"

"I do not remember any thing about the wool-gathering," said Marie.

"I hope I shall not be wool-gathering to-night; but I shall doubtless—I shall doubtless—for I shall be thinking of your judgment. Shall I get you seats at once? There; you are just before me. You see I am not coward enough to fly from my critics." And he placed them to sit at a little marble table, not far from the front of the low orchestra in the foremost place in which he would have to take his stand.

"Many thanks, Herr Crippel," said Lotta. "I will make sure of a third chair, as a friend is coming."

"Oh, a friend!" said he; and he looked sad, and all his sprightliness was gone.

"Marie's friend," said Lotta, laughing. "Do you not know Carl Stobel?"

Then the musician became bright and happy again. "I would have got two more chairs if you would have let me; one for the fraulein's sake, and one for his own. And I will come down presently, and you shall present me, if you will be so very kind."

Marie Weber smiled and thanked him, and declared that she should be very proud—and the leader of the band went up into his place.

"I wish he had not placed us here," said Lotta.

"And why not?"

"Because Fritz is coming."

"No!"

"But he is."

"And why did you not tell me?"

"Because I did not wish to be speaking of him. Of course you understand why I did not tell you. I would rather it should seem that he came of his own account—with Carl. Ha, ha!" Carl Stobel was the diamond-cutter to whom Marie Weber was betrothed. "I should not have told you now—only that I am disarranged by what Herr Crippel has done."

Then the music began, and, suddenly, as the first note of a fiddle was heard, every voice in the great beer-hall of the Volksgarten became silent. Men sat smoking, with their long beer-glasses before them, and women sat knitting, with their beer-glasses also before them, but not a word was spoken. The waiters went about with silent feet, but even orders for beer were not given, and money was not received. Herr Crippel did his best, working with his wand as carefully—and I may say as accurately—as a leader in a fashionable opera-house in London or Paris. But every now and then, in the course of the piece, he would place his fiddle to his shoulder and join in the performance. There was hardly one then in the hall, man or woman, boy or girl, who did not know, from personal knowledge and judgment, that Herr Crippel was doing his work very well.

"Excellent, was it not?" said Marie.

"Yes; he is a musician. Is it not a pity he should be so bald?" said Lotta.

"He is not so very bald," said Marie.

"I should not mind his being bald so much, if he did not try to cover his old head with the side hairs. If he would cut off those loose, straggling locks, and declare himself to be bald at once, he would be ever so much better. He would look to be fifty then. He looks sixty now."

"What matters his age? He is forty-five, just; for I know. And he is a good man."

"What has his goodness to do with it?"

"A good deal. His old mother wants for nothing, and he makes two hundred florins a month. He has two shares in the summer theatre. I know it."

"Bah! what is all that when he will plaster his hair over his old bald head?"

"Lotta, I am ashamed of you!" But at this moment the further expression of Marie's anger was stopped by the entrance of the diamond-cutter, and as he was alone both the girls received him very pleasantly. We must give Lotta her due, and declare that, as things had gone, she would much prefer now that Fritz should stay away, though Fritz Planken was as handsome a young fellow as there was in Vienna, and one who dressed with the best taste, and danced so that no one could surpass him, and could speak French, and was confidential clerk at one of the largest hotels in Vienna, and was a young man acknowledged to be of much general importance—and had, moreover, in plain language declared his love for Lotta Schmidt. But Lotta would not willingly give unnecessary pain to Herr Crippel, and she was generously glad when Carl Stobel, the diamond-cutter, came by himself. Then there was a second and third piece played, and after that Herr Crippel came down, according to promise, and was presented to Marie's lover.

"Ladies," said he, "I hope I have not gathered wool."

"You have surpassed yourself," said Lotta.

"At wool-gathering?" said Herr Crippel.

"At sending us out of this world into another," said Lotta.

"Ah! go into no other world but this," said Herr Crippel, "lest I should not be able to follow you." And then he went away again to his post.

Before another piece had been commenced Lotta saw Fritz Planken enter the door. He stood for a moment gazing round the hall, with his cane in his hand and his hat on his head, looking for the party which he intended to join. Lotta did not say a word, nor would she turn her eyes toward him. She would not recognize him if it were possible to avoid it. But he soon saw her, and came up to the table at which they were sitting. When Lotta was getting the third chair for Marie's lover Herr Crippel, in his gallantry, had brought a fourth, and now Fritz occupied the chair which the musician had placed there. Lotta, as she perceived this, was sorry that it should be so. She could not even dare to look up to see what effect this new arrival would have upon the leader of the band.

The new-comer was certainly a handsome young man—such a one as inflicts unutterable agonies on the hearts of the Herr Crippels of the world. His boots shone like mirrors, and fitted his feet like gloves. There was something in the make and sit of his trowsers which Herr Crippel, looking at them as he could not help looking at them, was quite unable to understand. Even twenty years ago Herr Crippel's trowsers, as Herr Crippel very well knew, had never looked like that. And Fritz Planken wore a blue frock-coat with silk lining to the breast, which seemed to have come from some tailor among the gods. And he had on primrose gloves, and round his neck a bright pink satin handkerchief, joined by a ring, which gave a richness of coloring to the whole thing which nearly killed Herr Crippel, because he could not but acknowledge that the coloring was good. And then the hat! And when the hat was taken off for a moment, then the hair—perfectly black, and silky as a raven's wing, just waving with one curl! And when Fritz put up his hand, and ran his fingers through his locks, their richness and plenty and beauty were conspicuous to all beholders. Herr Crippel, as he saw it, involuntarily dashed his hand up to his own pate, and scratched his straggling lanky hairs from off his head.

"You are coming to Sperl's to-morrow, of course?" said Fritz to Lotta. Now Sperl's is a great establishment for dancing in the Leopoldstadt, which is always open of a Sunday evening, and which Lotta Schmidt was in the habit of attending with much regularity. It was here she had become acquainted with Fritz. And certainly to dance with Fritz was to dance indeed! Lotta too was a beautiful dancer. To a Viennese such as Lotta Schmidt dancing is a thing of serious importance. It was a misfortune to her to have to dance with a bad dancer, as it is to a great whist-player among us to sit down with a bad partner. Oh, what she had suffered more than once when Herr Cripple had induced her to stand up with him!

"Yes; I shall go. Marie, you will go?"

"I do not know," said Marie.

"You will make her go, Carl, will you not?" said Lotta.

"She promised me yesterday, as I understood," said Carl.

"Of course we will all be there," said Fritz, somewhat grandly; "and I will give a supper for four."

Then the music began again, and the eyes of all of them became fixed upon Herr Crippel. It was unfortunate that they should have been placed so fully before him, as it was impossible that he should avoid seeing them. As he stood up with his violin to his shoulders his eyes were fixed on Fritz Planken, and Fritz Planken's boots, and coat, and hat, and hair. And as he drew his bow over the strings he was thinking of his own boots and of his own hair. Fritz was sitting, leaning forward in his chair, so that he could look up into Lotta's face, and he was playing with a little amber-headed cane, and every now and then he whispered a word. Herr Crippel could hardly play a note. In very truth he was wool-gathering. His hand became unsteady, and every instrument was more or less astray.

"Your old friend is making a mess of it to-night," said Fritz to Lotta. "I hope he has not taken a glass too much of schnaps."

"He never does any thing of the kind!" said Lotta, angrily. "He never did such a thing in his life!"

"He is playing awful badly," said Fritz.

"I never heard him play better in my life than he has played to-night!" said Lotta.

"His hand is tired. He is getting old," said Fritz. Then Lotta moved her chair and drew herself back, and was determined that Marie and Carl should see that she was angry with her young lover. In the mean time the piece of music had been finished, and the audience had shown their sense of the performers' inferiority by withdrawing those plaudits which they were so ready to give when they were pleased.

After this some other musician led for a while, and then Herr Crippel had to come forward to play a solo. And on this occasion the violin was not to be his instrument. He was a great favorite among the lovers of music in Vienna, not only because he was good at the fiddle and because with his bow in his hand he could keep a band of musicians together, but also as a player on the zither. It was not often nowadays that he would take his zither to the music-hall in the Volksgarten; for he would say that he had given up that instrument; that he now played it only in private; that it was not fit for a large hall, as a single voice, the scraping of a foot, would destroy its music. And Herr Crippel was a man who had his fancies and his fantasies, and would not always yield to entreaty. But occasionally he would send his zither down to the public hall; and in the programme for this evening it had been put forth that Herr Crippel's zither would be there, and that Herr Crippel would perform. And now the zither was brought forward, and a chair was put for the zitherist, and Herr Crippel stood for a moment behind his chair and bowed. Lotta glanced up at him and could see that he was very pale. She could even see that the perspiration stood upon his brow. She knew that he was trembling, and that he would have given almost his zither itself to be quit of his promised performance for that night. But she knew also that he would make the attempt.

"What, the zither?" said Fritz. "He will break down as sure as he is a living man."

"Let us hope not," said Carl Stobel.

"I love to hear him play the zither better than any thing," said Lotta.

"It used to be very good," said Fritz; "but every body says he has lost his touch. When a man has the slightest feeling of nervousness he is done for the zither."

"H—sh; let him have his chance at any rate," said Marie.

Reader, did you ever hear the zither? When played, as it is sometimes played in Vienna, it combines all the softest notes of the human voice. It sings to you of love, and then wails to you of disappointed love, till it fills you with a melancholy from which there is no escaping, from which you never wish to escape. It speaks to you as no other instrument ever speaks, and reveals to you with wonderful eloquence the sadness in which it delights. It produces a luxury of anguish, a fullness of the satisfaction of imaginary woe, a realization of the mysterious delights of romance, which no words can ever thoroughly supply. While the notes are living, while the music is still in the air, the ear comes to covet greedily every atom of tone which the instrument will produce, so that the slightest extraneous sound becomes an offense. The notes sink and sink so low and low, with their soft sad wail of delicious woe, that the listener dreads that something will be lost in the struggle of listening. There seems to come some lethargy on his sense of hearing, which he fears will shut out from his brain the last, lowest, sweetest strain, the very pearl of the music, for which he has been watching with all the intensity of prolonged desire. And then the zither is silent, and there remains a fond memory together with a deep regret.

Herr Crippel seated himself on his stool and looked once or twice round about upon the room almost with dismay. Then he struck his zither, uncertainly, weakly, and commenced the prelude of his piece. But Lotta thought that she had never heard so sweet a sound. When he paused after a few strokes there was a sound of applause in the room—of applause intended to encourage by commemorating past triumphs. The musician looked again away from his music to his audience, and his eyes caught the eyes of the girl he loved; and his gaze fell also upon the face of the handsome, well-dressed young Adonis who was by her side. He, Herr Crippel the musician, could never make himself look like that; he could make no slightest approach to that outward triumph. But then, he could play the zither, and Fritz Planken could only play with his cane! He would do what he could! He would play his best! He had once almost resolved to get up and declare that he was too tired that evening to do justice to his instrument. But there was an insolence of success about his rival's hat and trowsers which spirited him on to the fight. He struck his zither again, and they who understood him and his zither knew that he was in earnest.

The old men who had listened to him for the last twenty years declared that he had never played as he played on that night. At first he was somewhat bolder, somewhat louder than was his wont; as though he were resolved to go out of his accustomed track; but, after a while, he gave that up; that was simply the effect of nervousness, and was continued only while the timidity remained present with him. But he soon forgot every thing but his zither and his desire to do it justice. The attention of all present soon became so close that you might have heard a pin fall. Even Fritz sat perfectly still, with his mouth open, and forgot to play with his cane. Lotta's eyes were quickly full of tears, and before long they were rolling down her cheeks. Herr Crippel, though he did not know that he looked at her, was aware that it was so. Then came upon them all there an ecstasy of delicious sadness. As I have said above, every ear was struggling that no softest sound might escape unheard. And then at last the zither was silent, and no one could have marked the moment when it had ceased to sing.

For a few moments there was perfect silence in the room, and the musician still kept his seat with his face turned upon his instrument. He knew well that he had succeeded, that his triumph had been complete, and every moment that the applause was suspended was an added jewel to his crown. But it soon came, the loud shouts of praise, the ringing bravos, the striking of glasses, his own name repeated from all parts of the hall, the clapping of hands, the sweet sound of woman's voices, and the waving of white handkerchiefs. Herr Crippel stood up, bowed thrice, wiped his face with a handkerchief, and then sat down on a stool in the corner of the orchestra.

"I don't know much about his being too old," said Carl Stobel.

"Nor I either," said Lotta.

"That is what I call music," said Marie Weber.

"He can play the zither, certainly," said Fritz; "but as to the violin, it is more doubtful."

"He is excellent with both—with both," said Lotta, angrily.

Soon after that the party got up to leave the hall, and as they went out they encountered Herr Crippel.

"You have gone beyond yourself to-night," said Marie, "and we wish you joy."

"Oh no. It was pretty good, was it? With the zither it depends mostly on the atmosphere; whether it is hot, or cold, or wet, or dry, or on I know not what. It is an accident if one plays well. Good-night to you. Good-night, Lotta! Good-night Sir!" And he took off his hat, and bowed—bowed, as it were, expressly to Fritz Planken.

"Herr Crippel," said Lotta, "one word with you." And she dropped behind from Fritz, and returned to the musician. "Herr Crippel, will you meet me at Sperl's to-morrow night?"

"At Sperl's? No. I do not go to Sperl's any longer, Lotta. You told me that Marie's friend was coming to-night; but you did not tell me of your own."

"Never mind what I told you, or did not tell you. Herr Crippel, will you come to Sperl's to-morrow?"

"No; you would not dance with me, and I should not care to see you dance with any one else."

"But I will dance with you."

"And Planken will be there?"

"Yes; Fritz will be there. He is always there. I can not help that."

"No, Lotta; I will not go to Sperl's. I will tell you a little secret. At forty-five one is too old for Sperl's."

"There are men there every Sunday over fifty—over sixty, I am sure."

"They are men different in their ways of life from me, my dear. No, I will not go to Sperl's. When will you come and see my mother?"

Lotta promised that she would go and see the Frau Crippel before long, and then tripped off and joined her party.

Stobel and Marie had walked on, while Fritz remained a little behind for Lotta.

"Did you ask him to come to Sperl's to-morrow?" he said.

"To be sure I did."

"Was that nice of you, Lotta?"

"Why not nice? Nice or not, I did it. Why should not I ask him, if I please?"

"Because I thought I was to have the pleasure of entertaining you—that it was a little party of my own."

"Very well, Herr Planken," said Lotta, drawing herself a little away from him; if a friend of mine is not welcome at your little party I certainly shall not join it myself."

"But, Lotta, does not every one know what it is that Crippel wishes of you?"

"There is no harm in his wishing. My friends tell me that I am very foolish not to give him what he wishes. But I still have the chance."

"Oh yes; no doubt you still have the chance."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man. He is the best son in the world, and he makes two hundred florins a month."

"Oh, if that is to count!"

"Of course it is to count. Why should it not count? Would the Princess Theresa have married the other day if the young Prince had had no income to support her?"

"You can do as you please, Lotta."

"Yes, I can do as I please, certainly. I suppose Adela Bruhl will be at Sperl's to-morrow?"

"I should say so, certainly. I hardly ever knew her to miss her Sunday evening."

"Nor I. I, too, am fond of dancing—very. I delight in dancing. But I am not a slave to Sperl's, and then I do not care to dance with every one."

"Adela Bruhl dances very well," said Fritz.

"That is as one may think. She ought to; for she begins at ten, and goes on till two, always. If there is no one nice for dancing she puts up with some one that is not nice. But all that is nothing to me."

"Nothing, I should say, Lotta."

"Nothing in the world. But this is something; last Sunday you danced three times with Adela."

"Did I? I did not count."

"I counted. Fritz, if you dance to-morrow with Adela you will not dance with me again—either then or ever." And having uttered this threat she ran on and found Marie, who had just reached the door of the house in which they both lived.

Fritz, as he walked home by himself, was in doubt as to the course which it would be his duty as a man to pursue in reference to the lady whom he loved. He had distinctly heard that lady ask an old admirer of hers to go to Sperl's and dance with her; and yet, within ten minutes afterward, she had peremptorily commanded him not to dance with another girl! Now, Fritz Planken had a very good opinion of himself, as he was well entitled to have, and was quite aware that other pretty girls besides Lotta Schmidt were within his reach. He did not receive two hundred florins a month as did Herr Crippel, but then he was five-and-twenty instead of five-and-forty; and, in the matter of money, too, he was doing pretty well. He did love Lotta Schmidt. It would not be easy for him to part with her. But she, too, loved him—as he told himself, and she would hardly push matters to extremities. At any rate he would not submit to a threat. He would dance with Adela Bruhl at Sperl's.

At about half past ten the next evening Marie and Lotta entered Sperl's dancing-saloon, and paid their kreutzers, and sat themselves down on seats in the further saloon, from which, through open archways, they could see the dancers. Neither Carl nor Fritz had come as yet, and the girls were quite content to wait. It was to be presumed that they would be there before the men, and they both understood that the real dancing was not commenced early in the evening. It might be all very well for such as Adela Bruhl to dance with any one who came at ten o'clock, but Lotta Schmidt would not care to amuse herself after that fashion. As to Marie, she was to be married after another week, and of course she would dance with no one but Carl Stobel.

Soon after this Carl and Fritz came together, and Fritz, as he passed across the end of the first saloon, spoke a word or two to Adela. Lotta saw this, but determined that she would take no offense at so small a matter. Within two minutes Carl and Marie were dancing, and Fritz had asked Lotta to stand up.

"I will wait a little," said she; "I never like to begin much before eleven."

"As you please," said Fritz; and he sat down in the chair which Marie had occupied. Then he played with his cane, and as he did so his eyes followed the steps of Adela Bruhl.

"She dances very well," said Lotta.

"H—m—m, yes." Fritz did not choose to bestow any strong praise on Adela's dancing.

"Yes, Fritz, she does dance well—very well indeed. And she is never tired. If you ask me whether I like her style I can not quite say that I do. It is not what we do here—not exactly."

"She has lived in Vienna since she was a child."

"It is in the blood, then, I suppose, Look at her fair hair, all blowing about. She is not like one of us."

"Oh no, she is not."

"That she is very pretty I quite admit," said Lotta. "Those soft gray eyes are delicious. Is it not a pity she has no eyebrows?"

"But she has eyebrows."

"Ah, you have been closer than I, and you have seen them. I have never danced with her, and I can not see them. Of course they are there—more or less."

After a while the dancing ceased, and Adela Bruhl came up into the supper-room, passing the seats on which Fritz and Lotta were sitting.

"Are you not going to dance, Fritz?" she said, with a smile, as she passed them.

"Go, go," said Lotta; "why do you not go? She has invited you."

"No; she has not invited me. She spoke to us both."

"She did not speak to me, for my name is not Fritz. I do not see how you can help going when she asked you so prettily."

"I shall be in plenty of time presently. Will you dance now, Lotta? They are going to begin a waltz, and we will have a quadrille afterward."

"No, Herr Planken, I will not dance just now."

"Herr Planken, is it? You want to quarrel with me then, Lotta."

"I do not want to be one of two. I will not be one of two. Adela Bruhl is very pretty, and I advise you to go to her. I was told only yesterday her father can give her fifteen hundred florins of fortune! For me—I have no father."

"But you may have a husband to-morrow."

"Yes, that is true, and a good one. Oh, such a good one!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"You go and dance with Adela Bruhl and you shall see what I mean."

Fritz had some idea in his own mind, more or less clearly developed, that his fate, as regarded Lotta Schmidt, now lay in his own hands. He undoubtedly desired to have Lotta for his own. He would have married her there and then—at that moment, had it been possible. He had quite made up his mind that he preferred her much to Adela Bruhl, though Adela Bruhl had fifteen hundred florins. But he did not like to endure tyranny, even from Lotta, and he did not know how to escape the tyranny otherwise than by dancing with Adela. He paused a moment, swinging his cane, endeavoring to think how he might best assert his manhood and yet not offend the girl he loved. But he found that to assert his manhood was now his first duty.

"Well, Lotta," he said, "since you are so cross with me, I will ask Adela to dance." And in two minutes he was spinning round the room with Adela Bruhl in his arms.

"Certainly she dances very well," said Lotta, smiling, to Marie, who had now come back to her seat.

"Very well," said Marie, who was out of breath.

"And so does he."

"Beautifully," said Marie.

"Is it not a pity that I should have lost such a partner forever?"

"Lotta!"

"It is true. Look here, Marie, there is my hand upon it. I will never dance with him again—never—never—never. Why was he so hard upon Herr Crippel last night?"

"Was he hard upon Herr Crippel?"

"He said that Herr Crippel was too old to play the zither; too old! Some people are too young to understand. I shall go home, I shall not stay to sup with you to-night."

"Lotta, you must stay for supper."

"I will not sup at his table. I have quarreled with him. It is all over. Fritz Planken is as free as the air for me."

"Lotta, do not say any thing in a hurry. At any rate do not do any thing in a hurry."

"I do not mean to do any thing at all. It is simply this—I do not care very much for Fritz after all. I don't think I ever did. It is all very well to wear your clothes nicely, but if that is all, what does it come to? If he could play the zither, now!"

"There are other things except playing the zither. They say he is a good book-keeper."

"I don't like book-keeping. He has to be at his hotel from eight in the morning till eleven at night."

"You know best."

"I am not so sure of that. I wish I did know best. But I never saw such a girl as you are. How you change! It was only yesterday you scolded me because I did not wish to be the wife of your dear friend Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man."

"You go away with your good man! you have got a good man of your own. He is standing there waiting for you like a gander on one leg. He wants you to dance; go away." Then Marie did go away, and Lotta was left alone by herself. At last Fritz returned to her and bade her come to supper. He was resolved to see how far his mode of casting off tyranny might be successful, so he approached her with a smile, and offered to take her to his table as though nothing had happened.

"My friend," she said, "your table is laid for four, and the places will all be filled."

"The table is laid for five," said Fritz.

"It is one too many. I shall sup with my friend, Herr Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is not here."

"Is he not? Ah me! then I shall be alone, and I must go to bed supperless. Thank you, no, Herr Planken."

"And what will Marie say?"

"I hope she will enjoy the nice dainties you will give her. Marie is all right. Marie's fortune is made. Woe is me! my fortune is to seek. There is one thing certain, it is not to be found here in this room."

Then Fritz turned on his heel and went away; and as he went Lotta saw the figure of a man, as he made his way slowly and hesitatingly into the saloon from the outer passage. He was dressed in a close frock-coat, and had on a hat of which she knew the shape as well as she did the make of her own gloves. "If he has not come after all!" she said to herself. Then she turned herself a little round, and drew her chair somewhat into an archway, so that Herr Crippel should not see her readily.

The other four had settled themselves at their table, Marie having said a word of reproach to Lotta as she passed. Now, on a sudden, she got up from her seat and crossed to her friend.

"Herr Crippel is here," she said.

"Of course he is here," said Lotta.

"But you did not expect him?"

"Ask Fritz if I did not say I would sup with Herr Crippel. You ask him. But I shall not all the same. Do not say a word. I shall steal away when nobody is looking."

The musician came wandering up the room, and had looked into every corner before he had even found the supper-table at which the four were sitting. And then he did not see Lotta. He took off his hat as he addressed Marie, and asked some question as to the absent one.

"She is waiting for you somewhere, Herr Crippel," said Fritz as he filled Adela's glass with wine.

"For me?" said Herr Crippel, as he looked round. "No, she does not expect me." And in the mean time Lotta had left her seat and was hurrying away to the door.

"There! there!" said Marie; "you will be too late if you do not run." Then Herr Crippel did run, and caught Lotta as she was taking her hat from the old woman who had the girls' hats and shawls in charge near the door.

"What, Herr Crippel, you at Sperl's? When you told me expressly, in so many words, that you would not come! That is not behaving well to me, certainly."

"What, my coming? Is that behaving bad?"

"No; but why did you say you would not come when I asked you? You have come to meet some one. Who is it?"

"You, Lotta, you."

"And yet you refused me when I asked you! Well, and now you are here, what are you going to do? You will not dance."

"I will dance with you if you will put up with me."

"No, I will not dance. I am too old. I have given it up. I shall come to Sperl's no more after this. Dancing is a folly."

"Lotta, you are laughing at me now."

"Very well; if you like you may have it so." By this time he had brought her back into the room, and was walking up and down the length of the saloon with her. "But it is no use our walking about here," she said. "I was just going home; and now, if you please, I will go."

"Not yet, Lotta."

"Yes; now, if you please."

"But why are you not supping with them?"

"Because it did not suit me. You see there are four. Five is a foolish number for a supper-party."

"Will you sup with me, Lotta?" She did not answer him at once. "Lotta," he said, "if you sup with me now you must sup with me always. How shall it be?"

"Always? no. I am very hungry now, but I do not want supper always. I can not sup with you always, Herr Crippel."

"But you will to-night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Then it shall be always." And the musician marched up to a table, and threw his hat down, and ordered such a supper that Lotta Schmidt was frightened. And when presently Carl Stobel and Marie Weber came up to their table—for Fritz Planken did not come near them again that evening—Herr Crippel bowed courteously to the diamond-cutter, and asked him when he was to be married.

"Marie says it shall be next Sunday," said Carl.

"And I will be married the Sunday afterward," said Herr Crippel. "Yes; and there is my wife." And he pointed across the table with both his hands to Lotta Schmidt.

"Herr Crippel, how can you say that?" said Lotta.

"Is it not true, my dear?"

"In fourteen days! no, certainly not. It is out of the question." But nevertheless what Herr Crippel said came true, and on the next Sunday but one he took Lotta Schmidt home to his house as his wife.

"It was all because of the zither," Lotta said to her old mother-in-law. "If he had not played the zither that night I should not have been here now."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY summer the weather—as if it were an impertinent intruder on this mundane sphere—is the stoical recipient of the most vituperative abuse. Every summer brings an excess of heat to which there has hitherto been no approximation—according to complainants. *So many* "degrees hotter than has been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant!" The mercury is declared to have gone up out of sight; and eighty-seven degrees of Fahrenheit, following some more "fearful temperature," is pronounced quite "wintry." "Fierce," "fervid," "awful," "terrible," "infernal," are the terms used, and language is exhausted, and new epithets coined, in the apparently vain attempt to depict the sufferings of dissolving humanity.

In truth, we have had a couple or so of excessively hot "heated terms;" and, according to reliable records, the quicksilver *has* shot up higher than in many years before. Consequently there has been much suffering, especially among the laboring classes, who are exposed to the intense rays of the sun, and among the poor, who live in low, oven-like shanties. But those who have shelter in large, high, comparatively airy rooms, would do well to hush their complaints, and think of those who have no such accommodations. The truth is, that half the discomfort we experience in hot weather is self-inflicted. We fret, and fume, and worry, and scold, and fan ourselves, until the hot blood boils! The only way to endure a hot day is to *keep cool!* "Keep cool!" somebody sarcastically remarks, "and how, pray? Shall we take a berth in an ice-house?" Yes, keep cool—*mentally*, we mean. It is not always possible to keep the body down to temperate heat; but those who are able to prevent their feelings from rising higher will be astonished to find what a difference it makes in one's comfort. *Thinking* all the time that it is *unendurably* hot will make one steam. Don't devote yourself unreservedly to eating ices, plying a palm-leaf fan, watching the thermometer, and anathematizing the weather; but whether you have any need to work or not, engage in some moderate, and, if possible, interesting employment. Take it easy, do not hurry, but keep busy; and you will be surprised to find that the fervid heat becomes less oppressive, and that you are comparatively comfortable. Try the recipe, and see if it is not a good one.

Outside of our own feelings it brings a sort of cooling breeze to hear that a short time ago there was a fall of snow three feet deep on the mountains in Utah, covering them down to their base. The snow-storm was preceded by a terrific hail-storm in the lowlands.

It also has a wonderfully refrigerating effect to read the recent announcement of an "Excursion among the Icebergs" in the vicinity of "Labrador," even down to, "For particulars address Franklin *Snow* & Co.," etc.

A happy individual writing from Savannah, Georgia, a short time since, declares that "for ten days past outside winter clothing has been comfortable, and at night a blanket;" and he goes into rhapsodies about the "delightful sea-breeze frolicking through his windows." However, we do not think that even this will tempt many to exchange New York for Georgia just now.

Saratoga in the olden time was quite a contrast to the Saratoga of our day. A visitor to that place in 1797 gives the following account:

"We mounted our horses one day and rode seven or eight miles through the pine forest, with its delightful fragrance, and arrived at a place where they said there were some mineral springs. There was not even a village, but only two or three log-houses standing among the pine-trees. The people were civil, and provided hay for our horses, and for ourselves bacon and eggs. They piloted us into a morass where Nature was unsubdued, and stepping cautiously from bog to bog, we soon arrived at a spring which they called the Congress Spring, which tasted as it does now."

Now the resident population is numbered by thousands, to say nothing of the annual throng that deluge the place in the months of July and August. The "season" there is now fully inaugurated, and thirsty mortals are freely quaffing from the fountains of health. A new spring has been discovered this season near the "High Rock," and the old ones have not lost their sparkle. Many will be interested to know that a movement has been made toward the rebuilding of Congress Hall, with the intention of having it in readiness for the next season. It is expected that at least $100,000 will be secured at Saratoga. Assurances are given that large subscriptions will be made in New York, Boston, and other cities, among those who were patrons of that hotel.

There is something exceedingly pleasant in the substantial and cordial way in which New York, Boston, and all the larger cities have rendered aid to Portland in her hour of need. But it is really touching to hear of little towns in Maine and other States—towns that have no wealthy men with pockets full of money—calling meetings, and with earnest sympathy contributing their mite for the sufferers. It is good to see the hearts of people opening to such a call on their benevolence and sympathy.

There are thousands all over the country interested in the prosperity of Amherst College who will be glad to know that it is the intention of the trustees to erect immediately a new Chapel, for which purpose a son of President Stearns, a wealthy merchant of Bombay, has donated thirty thousand dollars. Also there is to be erected a new Library building, for which nearly twenty thousand dollars has been subscribed; and a new building to be devoted to the Mathematical and Philosophical department. This latter will be the finest building, and will cost two hundred thousand dollars, a gift from Dr. Walker, late of Newport, and who during his life gave to the College another hundred thousand dollars. The necessities of the College demand that these buildings should be erected at once. It is intended to convert the present Library building into an Art Gallery, for which it is admirably adapted, and friends of the College have already promised valuable contributions to it.

Not many months ago sundry communications appeared in the columns of an English journal to the effect that, in English schools, girls, and even young ladies, were frequently subjected to disgraceful corporeal punishment. The facts were evident, and a good deal of indignation was manifested in regard to the matter. But recently our own community has been shocked by a brutal occurrence in one of our most enlightened New England cities. In one of the public schools of the city of Cambridge, it appears—we wish, indeed, the report were false—that a young lady, now in her seventeenth year, was detected in whispering, and was called up for punishment by one of the assistant-teachers. To this she refused to submit. The principal was consulted, and it was determined to whip the delinquent. Two assistants undertook to administer the blows. A struggle ensued, and the principal came to the aid of his subordinates. The young lady was held until a dozen or twenty blows were inflicted upon her person with a leather strap. The parents of the young lady referred to the School Committee, but they sustained the course of the teachers; and the case has been laid before the Grand Jury of the county. Undoubtedly lawful authority should be maintained in schools; but if a young lady of sixteen does not yield to it willingly, she better be expelled. Such disgraceful occurrences as this stain the noble system of public education in America.

A Richmond paper warms with indignation because a large number of colored ladies and gentlemen were recently seen, on a Sunday, riding in all the style that the livery stables could furnish, and especially because white drivers were upon the box and the negroes upon the cushions behind—a strange reversal of former situations.

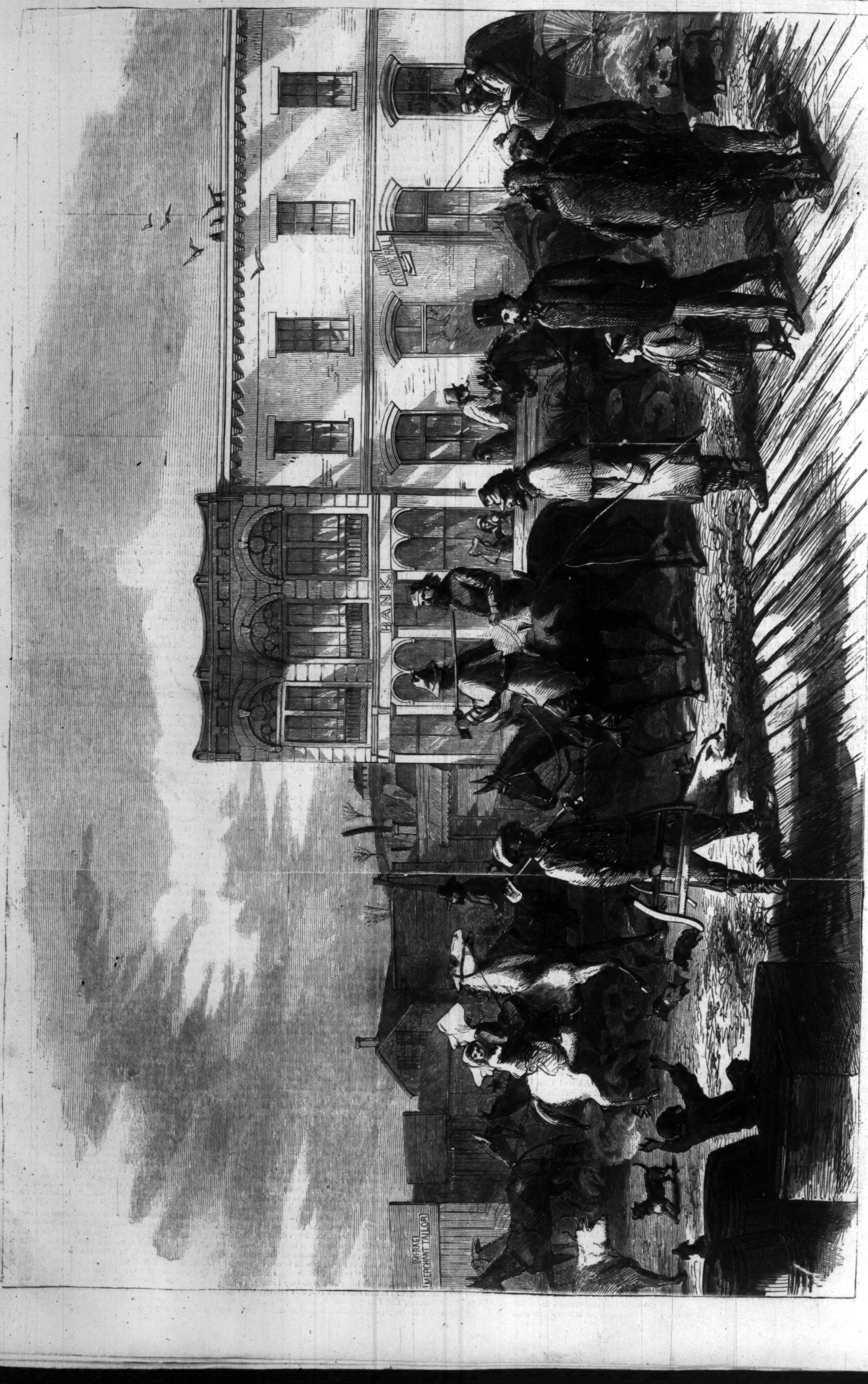
The following quaint words of old Robert Southwell are worthy of being committed to memory:

"Shun delays, they breed remorse:
  Take thy time, while time is lent thee.
Creeping snails have weakest force;
  Fly their faults, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to nought.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last—
  Wind and tide stay no man's pleasure.
Seek not time when time is past,
  Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought;
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought."

The European war, which will cause such misery to thousands who have had no hand in bringing it about, reminds us of a little anecdote, old, but good.

"What are you thinking, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier, who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English; it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the English. The soldier started, and after saluting his General, answered: "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired two hundred rounds of ball that day.

It seems that the war does not altogether prevent people resorting to the German watering-places even thus early in the season. Ems already reckons more than a thousand visitors—Germans, Swedes, Russians, and English. The French will arrive in large numbers, according to custom, in July. The *luxe des toilettes*, we are told, is very conspicuous at Ems; and the rivalry carried on between the fair sex from all countries is something astonishing. The elegancies of *les gracieuses Parisiennes* at this fashionable watering-place will not fail to claim their full share of admiration.


UNION CLOTHING HALL
BANK
McRAE
MERCHANT TAILOR

COMMERCIAL STREET, ATCHISON, KANSAS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.—[SEE PAGE 477.]

THE HEROINE OF FREDERICK.

WHEN "STONEWALL" JACKSON invaded Maryland in 1862 there was found in Frederick, through which his troops marched, one fearless Unionist, an aged lady, whose name was BARBARA FRIETCHIE. Faithful among the faithless she held out the "Stars and Stripes" from her window in the very faces of the rebel raiders. The story is well told in WHITTIER'S beautiful poem, which we have taken the liberty of copying below. The portrait is from a photograph sent us by Mr. BRADY of Washington, to whom we were indebted for the photograph from which "The Andersonville Relics," given in our last Number, was engraved.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

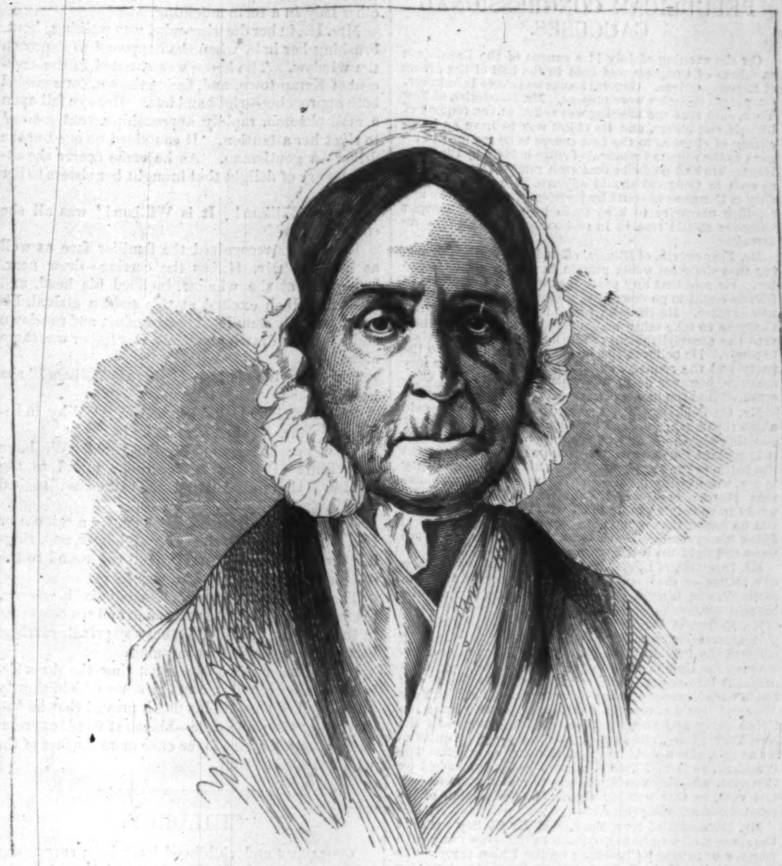
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

A CRUEL PUNISHMENT.

THE letter which we give below is from a gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, who sends us the photograph from which our illustration is engraved. The case stands on unquestionable authority, and the time is now gone by when things of this nature are to be hidden from the public:

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *July 3, 1866.*

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Inclosed I send you a photograph showing in part the effects of a punishment by a hot iron on the back of a negro girl about 13 years of age, inflicted by a virago by the name of Mrs. A——, living in King William County in this State, a few weeks ago. The case is at present under investigation by the Freedmen's Bureau of this Department. The negroes who lived on the place all testify to the cruelty and fiendishness of this woman while they were her slaves and since they were liberated. This girl was locked up in a private room, for some trivial offense, and kept in there over a week, during which time the burning was inflicted upon her. Her screams were frequently heard by the servants. Live coals were laid upon her back and the back of her head, and the flesh on her back and limbs was burned so that when she was released she could scarcely stand and was nearly crazy. The case was reported, the girl brought to this city, and Mrs. A—— arrested.

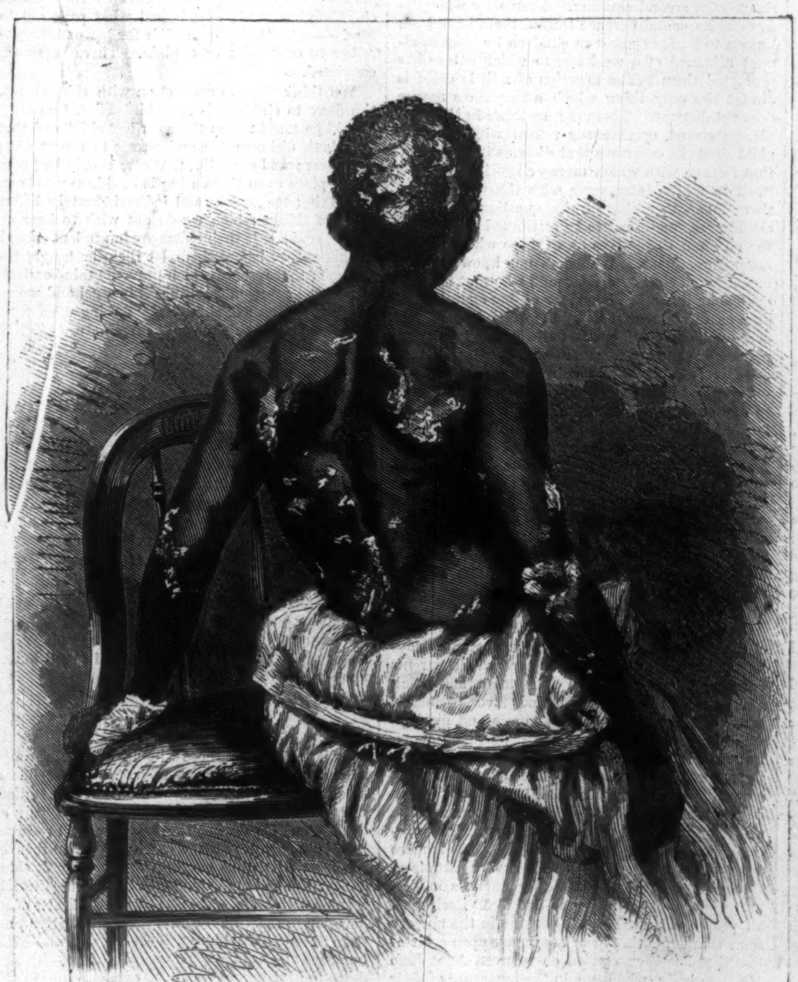
"The papers of this city all with one accord sang out against the Bureau for its interference, and Mrs. A—— instead of the fiend that she is, was a martyred and chivalrous Southern lady. She was required to give bail in $5000. All the counsel of the city tendered her their services. The Judge-Advocate of this Department, Captain LAYTON, Eleventh United States Infantry, conducted the examination. If the evidence were all published it would present one of the most cruel and heartless episodes of history that have disgraced civilization."

A BATHING COSTUME.

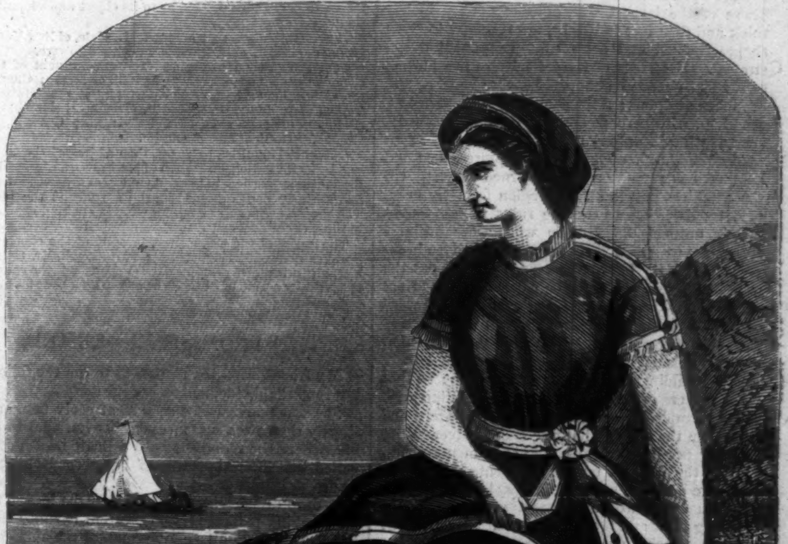
HAPPILY the days have gone by when lady bathers made frights of themselves when enjoying that most healthful and invigorating of recreations—a dip in salt water. Ugly blue flannel gowns, cut so scantily that it was difficult to squeeze into them, and which never fulfilled the object for which they were intended, as they generally rose to the surface of the water directly after their wearers plunged into it—these ungraceful garments, with the hideous oilskin cap which crowned them, may now be looked upon as things of the past. They have been succeeded by a far superior style of dress, which, in fact, is a picturesque costume, consisting of tunic and knickerbockers. We give an illustration of one of the most approved and convenient forms of bathing dress which has yet been introduced. It answers its mission, for it conceals the figure without impeding in the slightest degree the actions of its wearer when either bathing or swimming, and, added to these advantages, it looks well. The tunic fastens at the left side, and the knickerbockers in front. There are various opinions as to the best material for bathing costumes. For summer wear we recommend the stout brown holland. This does not cling to the figure when wetted, neither does it hold the water, as flannel, and so become cumbersome and heavy. It should be trimmed, as in our illustration, with scarlet worsted braid of two sizes. The binding of the knickerbockers and tunic, and the trimming on the shoulder seam, consist of strips of brown holland cut on the cross, and two rows of narrow scarlet braid run upon them; the box pleatings round the arm-holes and ankles are of scarlet worsted braid, from an inch to one inch and a half in width. The waistband and sash are likewise of brown holland bound with broad braid, two waved lines of narrow braid being added as an ornamentation. The buttons are black horn. The cap is black oilskin, bound with scarlet. French ladies wear small black glazed hats to protect their complexions when swimming, as they do not deem it imperative to dip their heads under water when they bathe. Dark blue serge, similar to that worn by sailors in the British navy, we also recommend as a suitable material for this costume. It likewise can be trimmed with either white or scarlet worsted braid, according to our engraving.

STREET SCENE IN ATCHISON.

THE picture which we give on page 476 illustrates an everyday scene in Atchison, Kansas. The locality which our artist has chosen is Commercial Street, and he has faithfully depicted the style of buildings in the business part of the city. These buildings are a medley of brick structures and cotton-wood shanties. The figures are drawn from life. Here in the fore-ground we have a Kan-



MARKS OF PUNISHMENT INFLICTED UPON A COLORED SERVANT IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.



NEW BATHING COSTUME.

sas farmer; the shaggy cronies on horseback are returning to their homes in Missouri after a hunt, which it would seem has not been very successful. The woman and girl riding "double" is a common sight, though to Eastern eyes it may appear strange and somewhat ludicrous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

PORTLAND, *July* 16, 1866.

You would like "a stereoscopic view of the burned district." Well, to see the burned district you had better come in at the Boston dépôt—at least that is what I did—and take a walk. The fire broke out not far from the point where we start and burned over a broad swath, as the mowers say, diagonally across the city. How it caught, how it burned, and how it stopped, you will have learned from the papers of the time. How it looks to-day is what is best learned now. *The extent of the fire* is the first thing that impresses the mind. It is not what we often see in New York—a few burned buildings—nor is it a good many burned buildings merely; but a long, broad track of ruined chimneys, demolished walls, and rubbish—buried streets.

The *thoroughness* of the burning is what you next notice. Several things illustrate this. First, the buildings are entirely in ruins. They are not standing in shape, with blackened windows and charred interiors, as is commonly the case when a house is burned—but demolished. As a rule the chimney stands; but the walls of each building have fallen entirely in, so that only a vague notion of the general ground plan is all that one can form respecting the edifice. In a two-hours' walk through the district we find, perhaps, ten spots where the walls show something of the size, shape, architecture, and uses of what has been destroyed. But these are the rare exceptions: far more frequently we can not guess whether the buildings, by whose ruins we are passing, were high or low, round or square, old or new, big or little, many or few.

Then again, all wood and wood-work is destroyed, excepting here and there large beams have left a fragment of charcoal. There is nothing left any where of boards or rafters for the owner to save for rebuilding; nothing even for ragged children to carry away for fire-wood. Then, again, there is no trace any where of any goods, wares, merchandise, or furniture saved. What the affrighted inhabitants may have snatched away from the advance of the flame we can not tell from any thing we see to-day; but the fire has left them nothing of all they left to it. Iron safes have preserved their shape, and, we can see, their contents. Ironware, pipes, rods, kettles, tools of various kinds, can be distinguished, half melted, half twisted up, wholly ruined, in the ashes; but of nothing else do we see characteristic traces. Yes, here is one thing saved! One stock of goods has resisted the fire and remains in shape and substance. In the very heart of the burned district was an ice-house. The wooden shell was burned away; the thick heap of straw beneath was singed and burned outside, but workmen are digging through the blackened top, and underneath they find and cart away great blocks of ice, as good as new. In all our two hours' walk we see nothing unspoiled but this. Still more we realize the thoroughness of this fire when we observe how the green trees were burned. In all the region over which the fire spread we do not see one tree left alive. Those of the largest size, elms of twenty inches thick and fifty feet in height, are standing in their shape, smoked and shriveled, dead but not destroyed. But trees of the second size are burned to a short charcoal stump. Leaves, boughs, and branches are gone; a few feet of the substance of the stem, with perhaps stubs of the main branches surmounting it, only remain.

The activity of the Portlanders impresses the mind before one advances far up the burned district. On the outskirts, and in all the region formerly occupied by dwelling-houses, the ruins remain as yet mostly untouched. But in what were business streets are many signs of energy and activity in repair. On many lots workmen are picking out the unbroken brick, chipping the calcined mortar from them, and piling them up for use. Carts and wagons are threading their embarrassed way through the choked streets, carrying off rubbish, or bringing on materials for new erections. Here and there wooden buildings are being rapidly put up; so that already there are some of good size standing with frames completed, and partly boarded. Here and there—on the site of what was once a silversmith's shop, or perchance a bank, a knot of men are digging in the ashes for melted fragments of metal, or trying to open the safe. Additional to the numerous squads of workmen, are throngs of persons strolling back and forth to see what they can see; and these heighten the apparent activity of the scene. Working our way gradually through this region—turning aside to see a ruined church here, to avoid an impassable street there—we come upon what was a region of dwellings, and where reconstruction is less advanced; and beyond this we come upon a camp.

Destitution and suffering have now been measurably relieved. The outward tokens of them, to the casual visitor, are chiefly gathered at this spot. We are at the northeasterly end of the city, where there lies a broad slope of land ascending somewhat sharply, and culminating in a bold terrace or brow of land. Upon this terrace are many substantial buildings, but on the slope below very few, and at this slope the fire stopped for want of fuel. On this slope are thickly scattered the tents, which are the temporary homes of many houseless families.

That Portland is not quite all burned is what we see at the very last; for now, returning to the dépôt, and turning aside from burned streets to avail ourselves of unobstructed ones, we find we have a long and weary walk through streets of intact shops and dwellings, beyond all sight and suggestion of the GREAT FIRE.

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL CAUCUSES.

ON the evening of July 11 a caucus of the Republican members of Congress was held in the hall of the House of Representatives. General Banks was elected chairman. Only eight Senators were present. Mr. Hotchkiss, of New York, said that the meeting was called at the request of himself and others, and its object was to have an interchange of views as to the best course to be pursued in regard to the rumored removal of office-holders by the President. He had no doubt that such removal was intended as soon as Congress should adjourn. He deemed it the duty of Congress to stand by its friends, and to make any sacrifice necessary to keep them in office. He thought Congress should remain in session so as to prevent removals.

Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, offered a resolution, declaring that Congress would remain in session until December. He said that any party that would not stand by its friends ought to go down, and we must stand by the men now in office. He thought, too, it might be necessary for Congress to take other action before next session to prevent the accomplishment of schemes to restore the rebels to power. He believed the President was a traitor to the party and the country, and that he was ready for any measure, however desperate, which would put the Government into the hands of the rebels.

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, indorsed what had been said about the treachery of the President, and the necessity of adopting some measures of prevention. But he thought it important that members should go home and fight out the battle before the people. The Cabinet, he was happy to say, was already broken up. He was glad to announce that Postmaster-General Dennison had resigned, and would have nothing more to do with the Administration, and he hoped that other members of the Cabinet would follow his example. He thought they should strip to the waist and fight the battle out on this line.

Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, denounced President Johnson as a traitor—a madman—in league with rebels and Copperheads, and insisted on measures of prevention against his schemes.

Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, denounced the Philadelphia Convention as a conspiracy of traitors, and said he believed the President had got it up for the purpose of destroying the Union party, and of putting rebels and Copperheads into power. The rebel newspapers North and South were in favor of it for that reason. The New York *News* and *World* advocated it as a means of destroying the Union party and restoring the rebels to power, and the New York *Times*, although it had not yet gone quite so far as this, also upheld and favored the Convention. The President, as is well known, regards every bill passed by Congress, while eleven States are unrepresented, as null and void, so that nothing short of the admission of the rebel members will satisfy him.

Mr. Raymond, of New York, said Mr. Kelley had not the shadow of a right to attribute to the *Times* any such purpose or motive as breaking up the Union party. His insinuation to that effect was utterly untrue, and was the most unmanly way of making an injurious and unjust charge. He had his own views of the objects to be accomplished by the Convention, and he had not, thus far, concurred in the views expressed by those around him. He believed that, properly managed, the Convention would strengthen the Union party, instead of destroying it. So long as he had reason to think so, he should continue to advocate it. Whenever he saw reason to believe that it was to be used to destroy the Union party, neither the *Times* nor its editor would support it.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution declaring it to be the duty of every Union man to denounce the Philadelphia Convention and render it odious to the people.

Mr. Bromwell, of Illinois, followed in favor of this resolution—denouncing the President, and saying we ought to revise all the laws under which offices were created which the President can fill—and that salaries should be abolished, and other means taken to render the power of appointment useless in his hands. Congress could sit all summer—we were paid by the year, and it made no odds to us.

Mr. Hale, of New York, objected to the resolution as unjust to true Union men.

Mr. Raymond again took the floor. When the Philadelphia Convention was first summoned he believed it would have a good effect in nationalizing the Union party, and in placing its action upon a broader and safer basis. He had never concealed his conviction that, unless the party was thus nationalized and liberalized, it would be short-lived, and power would pass from its hands to those of its opponents; and he had therefore looked with favor on the call for the Convention. Whenever he saw reason to change his opinion as to its object and effect he should act accordingly.

The resolution was then adopted, Mr. Hale, of New York, voting against it. Mr. Raymond declined to vote.

Gen. Banks then announced the appointment of the Committee of Nine—Senators Morrill, of Maine; Chandler, of Michigan; Nye, of Nevada; and Representatives Colfax, of Indiana; Farnsworth, of Illinois; Hotchkiss, of New York; Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Garfield, of Ohio; Boutwell, of Massachusetts.

Governor Hamilton, of Texas, then addressed the meeting, by its invitation, on motion of Mr. Stevens, after which the caucus adjourned, to meet at the call of the Committee.

A second caucus was held on the evening of the 14th. The proceedings of this evening were in striking contrast to those of the first caucus.

The report of the Committee, in spite of the efforts of Speaker Colfax, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Hotchkiss, and others, was summarily set aside, and the caucus resolved, by a vote of 64 to 40, to adjourn on the 23d.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

MY friend, Mrs. H., recounted to me the following remarkable incident in her life:

She was married at a somewhat early age, and, shortly thereafter, accompanied her husband to India, where she remained until delicate health compelled her, after the birth of her second child, to return to England.

A deep despondency seized her at the idea of the approaching painful separation from her husband; but there was no alternative, and, at the appointed time, the latter accompanied her to the ship, doing his utmost to cheer and reassure her with the hope of a happy reunion.

"It is in vain, William," was her persistent rejoinder. "I feel convinced that, in this world, I shall never see you again."

"You *shall* see me, love," replied H. "I feel that I can make you that promise. Nothing—no, not death itself—shall prevent your seeing me again. Be comforted with that assurance."

On her arrival in England, Mrs. H. joined her father and sisters at Brighton, where the salubrious air quickly restored her health and strength. A twelvemonth elapsed, during which period the accounts from India were regular and satisfactory, and Mr. H., in his later letters, expressed his joy at her recovery, and his hope that she would return to him at the first moment her health permitted.

Her father was an early riser, and somewhat imperative on that subject with his household. His daughters, consequently, were sometimes compelled to defer the more elaborate touches of their toilet until after the matutinal meal, and it was upon one of these occasions that all three had returned to their dressing-rooms—Mrs. H. and one of her sisters in a large apartment looking to the front, the other lady in a room adjoining.

Mrs. H., in her dressing-robe, was walking about, brushing her hair, when she happened to approach the window. The house was situated in the crescent of Kemp-town, and, facing the sea, commanded both approaches—right and left. Her eye fell upon a mail-phaeton, rapidly approaching, that seemed to rivet her attention. It contained no one but the driver—a gentleman. As he came nearer she uttered a cry of delight that brought her sisters to her side.

"It is William! It is William!" was all she could say.

Her sisters recognized the familiar face as well as herself. Mr. H., as the carriage drew near, looked up at the window, inclined his head, and smiled. Much excited at this sudden arrival, his wife hurriedly completed her dressing, and ran down stairs into the drawing-room. Her father was there alone.

"Why—where is he? Where is William?" she hastily asked.

"William!" repeated her father. "Why, in India, my dear. Where should he be?"

"No, no; he's come! He is here! We have seen him! Perhaps he has gone round to the stables. He might have spoken to me first," sobbed the disappointed wife.

After remaining silent, in pique, for a minute or two, she could brook the delay no longer, and, ringing the bell, desired a servant to run round to the stables and bring word who was there.

The messenger returned. Nobody had been seen. On further inquiry, the policeman and road-sweeper in the crescent both denied that any private carriage had passed through that morning.

A note was made of the exact time the three sisters had seen Mr. H.; and the news which, shortly after, reached them of his death proved that he had expired at the same time—his latest words expressing an intense desire to see once more the face of the wife he loved so well.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN and childhood have been surrounded with an atmosphere of poetry, and have been invested with all the charms of poetic fancy:

> "Angels are talking to them in their dreams—
> Angelic voices whispering sweet and clear."

They are supposed to hold some intercourse with the world of spirits, and their very smiles are interpreted to mean communion with a world unseen. Their gestures, tones, and language are the constant theme of poets, and moralists take them for their text. For ordinary mortals like ourselves they possess a wondrous charm; and they are a relaxation to the man of business or the student, who can unbend to them, when to all the world besides they are unapproachable. The painter makes them his study, and they have been among his most successful works, for infancy appeals and pleads to all alike. When they are tricked out in muslin and silk, and toddle in after dinner, every eye lights up, and they become the centre of all attraction, and later on their lispings and their sayings become household words, and their elders learn to speak a language which they have caught from infant lips. They are, in their early years, a source of the greatest amusement and interest. The old grow young again in their presence. They are to them like the green shoots of a second summer. Even they who profess dislike or indifference toward them have been known to fondle their own children by stealth, almost ashamed of a weakness to which nature has prompted them. The affection of a little child is almost the only thing which a suspicious nature does not distrust. There is something in the simple, untutored, spontaneous return with which a child meets its overtures that disarms it at once of that reserve with which more or less it surrounds itself in all its intercourse with the world. But there is another side of the question which, in all fairness, ought not to be attributed so much to the children themselves as to those who are their natural guardians. Who does not know what is meant by an *enfant terrible*? and who that has suffered from it can be blamed for railing against children as a nuisance? A child of quick intelligence and much observation, who has a certain faculty of putting one and one together—who hears and listens attentively to all that is passing around, both in the nursery and in the drawing-room—who is suffered to live on too familiar terms with its elders—who has but little tact and less self-control—who blurts out all that comes into its little mind without regard to time or place, and says the most *mal-apropos* things that can be imagined—whose pert sayings are retailed as clevernesses by ill-judging parents and servants in its presence, till it has learned to value them as having some merit in them—who is allowed to engross all the attention with its stories and its prattle, to the evident annoyance of those who see no charm in it—such a child is indeed one of the greatest pests of society.

But it is, we repeat, more the fault of others than of the child. Amused by the smartness of its sayings, or by the quickness of its perceptions, parents encourage it for their own amusement, and laugh at it; while in the nursery it finds favor, because it is one of the means by which nurses and nursery-maids learn what is going on in the drawing-room. But this is a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways, for if it reveals the tactics of the drawing-room, those of the nursery and housekeeper's-room do not escape. With eyes and ears well open, a ready tongue, and a retentive memory, children become dangerous to friend and foe. What is more detestable than a child divested of every particle of *mauvaise honte*, who obtrudes its remarks and its nursery news upon every one, and forces itself upon all people alike? It hears perhaps in the nursery some comments that have been made upon a flirtation that has been carried on between Aunt Jane and her cousin, who have, in the innocence of their hearts, imagined that it had escaped detection, and who have no particular wish that the attention of the authorities should be directed to it at that moment. The *enfant terrible* announces, in its own sweet way, to her dear grandmamma, in the hearing of her grandpapa, that her aunt and cousin are fond of each other, and, with a certain amount of self-importance, attracts attention to the existing state of things. The mine has been sprung—the murder is out—and Aunt Jane and her cousin are severely reprimanded, while the latter is dismissed, and the former is never suffered to stir beyond the watchful eyes of a grim Cerberus who is placed on guard. It is vain to hope that, in the presence of such inquisitors, any thing can remain secret or escape being proclaimed from the housetop. The house-maid and her "follower" suffer equally from the same penetrating eye, listening ear, and garrulous tongue; and "mamma" is duly informed of the conversation which took place between the under nursemaid and the young man on the other side of the stile. Such watchdogs pay to those who care to know the minutest details of their household, and therefore they are not corrected.

No bland amenities can be successful while one of these "sweet little pets" is at hand with its revelations, its explanations, and its glosses, for it is sure to remember how mamma said she was glad to hear that Mrs. So-and-so was going away. An amusing story is told of a lady who once pressed a friend to visit her in the country. On his arrival at ——, he was at once shown to his room, the dressing-bell, as he was informed, having already rung. On entering the room in which the company assembled before dinner, he found himself alone with a little girl, elegantly dressed, who, as the event proved, was quite up the occasion. He spoke to her in language which he supposed to be suited to her years, and, for a time, they got on very well together, when she presently bethought herself that she would like to know the name of her new friend. He at once complied with her request, and told her his name, to which she instantly replied, with the utmost *naïveté*:—"Oh, then, you are the man that mamma says has sung himself into society!" Pleasant announcement in the first moments of an arrival at a strange house! especially when it suddenly flashed across our friend's mind that it had been a special proviso in the invitation that he should bring all his music with him. But there is no end to the stories which almost every one has to tell of the *mal-apropos* sayings of these blessed little pests. If a friend is pressed to stay, and regrets his inability to do so, the *enfant terrible* is sure to say it is glad of it. It is in vain to hope to dissemble your love or your aversion, if, in some unguarded moment, no secret has been made of either. "Little pitchers have long ears," and people are apt to forget this when they talk over the things which most deeply interest them, forgetful that the tongue of the young and old alike is an unruly member. Precocious children, who have not been kept in their proper place, and whose tongues have been allowed to run on *ad libitum*, have not unfrequently been the disturbers of domestic happiness. Tale-bearing is an odious habit, whether in the old or young, and no fireside is safe against its attacks. An amusing instance occurred, within our memory, of a petted child who was suffered to accompany her father in a round of visits which he proposed to make. His visits being made, he brought her back to her mother, with the evident expectation of some praise for his punctuality. Mamma, in her gladness, drew the child toward her, gave her a kiss, and was on the point of expressing a hope that she had been amused, when she was cut short by the "sweet child" saying, "Ah, that is just what papa did to Mrs. ——." It was impossible for her unfortunate father to contradict or explain. There he stood, convicted.

We think that, in connection with this subject, the duty to children is twofold. First, that they should be taught from their earliest childhood that it is both dishonorable and wrong to repeat what they hear; and secondly, that care should be taken not to place upon them a burden too heavy to bear, by talking too openly and indiscriminately before them of things which we do not wish to hear repeated again. If their elders are imprudent enough to talk rashly before them, let them be taught the virtue of that reserve which prevents tale-bearing; but let it be remembered that it is cruel and wrong to try the temper of children by forcing upon them a habit which is opposed to the free nature of childhood.

THE WORD OF AN EMPEROR.

ONE day, at the parade of his guard, the Emperor Paul I. was excessively indignant with one of his officers, who was not a good horseman.

"Cashier him and send him to his estate!" said he to the commanding general.

"Pardon me, Sire," answered the latter, "he is a poor man and has no estate!"

"Datj jesnit!"—(Then give him one!) exclaimed the Emperor, as he rode away.

This answer was not only original, but imperial, for having once been uttered the Emperor must keep his promise. The officer therefore was made possessor of an estate, in order to live in banishment upon it.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

IT is seldom that those who have passed through a campaign can show more than one or two "honorable scars," but there is now in this city an Italian, named Frederick Guscetti, who fought bravely on the Union side during the rebellion, and received no less than twenty-four wounds, several of them of the most dangerous character. The breast, sides, and neck of this unfortunate young man are literally seamed with scars. Besides these certificates of his devotion to the Union cause, he bears written ones from Surgeons Parkhurst, Sloan, Moore, and Pinkham, and also from Major-General Ferrero. Broken down in health, and unable to earn a living in this country, he desires to return to his native land, but lacks the means to do so.

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